THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA,

IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. COOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN

THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PIANOS: Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO. ORGANS: PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,

1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,

79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [6m.]

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of what the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

SALT, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of additional warerooms, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and customers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially those from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stock for the free use of all who may wish to put up prices. Thankful for past favors and hopeful many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, Oct 3, 1879.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

ever displayed in Altoona is now ready for inspection in unsurpassable elegance and unequalled variety at

GODFREY WOLF'S

POPULAR PIONEER

FASHION EMPORIUM!

AS TO QUALITY, NEATNESS, DURABILITY AND FIT, THE

ROCHESTER MAKE OF CLOTHING

Is really the best in the market, while in stock and prices we defy competition.

NO HOUSE IN BLAIR COUNTY CAN COMPARE WITH OUR'S,

So don't fail before investing in a new suit to call and inspect the goods at

GODFREY WOLF'S UNRIVALLED CLOTHING BAZAAR,

Twelfth Street, Next Door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa.

October 3, 1879.—tf. G. WOLF, Proprietor.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

$5 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

Young Men and Ladies to learn Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address with stamp OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio.

WE ARE STILL ON DECK!

AND PROPOSE TO REMAIN THERE!

A Perfect Tornado in Low Prices.

To the numerous readers of the Freeman

V. S. BARKER & BROTHER

Send greeting, and as a matter of interest to all buyers invite attention to the special inducements below:

Men's Department.

We have the largest and most complete assortment of **BOOTS** ever seen in this or any other country town, comprising all qualities from the coarsest to the finest, and at prices which defy competition. We have not sufficient time or space to give a full price list, but append as example or two of our low prices in this department: For $2.50 we sell a man's boot, made from whole stock, with SADDLE SEAM, and fully warranted, which is 60 cents cheaper than a boot of the same quality can be bought from any other dealer in town. Also, a man's calf boot (warranted), with top sole, either sewed or pegged, for $3.50. Our entire line will be sold at the same low rates, and if customers fail to find our prices far below those of other dealers they will not be asked to buy. A complete stock of boys' and youths' boots at prices equally cheap, besides gum boots at prices a little cheaper than other dealers demand.

In **CLOTHING** we have special bargains to offer, as we keep a full stock of medium priced garments, as well as samples of finer goods, and will take your order for any kind of a fine suit, which we guarantee to furnish for less money than you can buy the same kind of goods in Altoona or Johnstown. Our **$10 Suits** are stunning bargains. In OVERCOATS we carry the only complete stock in town, and defy any one to compete with our prices, while in CASSIMERES and CLOTHS we have the most extensive and varied assortment ever exhibited in Ebensburg, and can have suits made to order on short notice. Don't fail to see our pants' goods before buying.

We keep at all times a full line of UNDERWEAR, from the cheapest to the best, and as an example of our low prices on these goods, and the only one we have room for, we quote good, heavy undershirts at 25 cents each, and full suits at 50 cents. Who can beat these figures?

Ladies' Department.

WE WISH TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR

SUPERB STOCK of LADIES' COATS,

Which we have in great variety and at all prices from $2.50 up to the highest. We certainly have wonderful bargains in this line, and to those ladies who need coats for the coming winter, but do not wish to buy just yet awhile, we would say, come and examine our stock now and select what you want and have it laid away, which will be done with pleasure, as by so doing you will have a large assortment to select from, which may not be the case long, as we expect to reduce the stock very much before the 25th of this month. Any one when you visit our store don't forget to look at the coats, which we will be pleased to show you whether you wish to buy or not.

In **BLACK CASHMERES** we have a nice line, and are giving great bargains in them as well as other DRESS GOODS of various qualities and colors. Of SHAWLS we shall keep a full assortment, double and single, and of all styles and prices. We also have a neat and complete stock of Ladies' KNIT JACKETS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, &c., as well as the best line of WATERPROOFS for ladies' cloaks and children's wear ever brought to Ebensburg.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

First, we wish to call special attention to our **CARPETS.** We have completed arrangements with one of the finest Carpet Houses in New York whereby we are enabled with the aid of a wonderful invention, known as

RICHARDSON'S CARPET EXHIBITOR,

to show you at your own door, as it were, the entire stock of a New York Wholesale House. We have not room to fully explain all the merits of the "Exhibitor," but will take great pleasure in showing you the samples in our store, which will give you an opportunity to select any carpet you may desire from a great variety of new and elegant patterns.

We have just received and have for sale our BLANKETS, which we are offering at prices ranging from $2 to $5. We have also added to our stock a handsome line of CLOCKS, and are now prepared to furnish all styles and qualities, no matter how common or how elaborate, at prices fully 25 per cent. cheaper than regular dealers charge for clocks of the same make and finish.

In FLOOR and TABLE OIL CLOTHS we are offering unequalled inducements, our prices being not only the lowest but our stock the largest and best in town, comprising all widths and patterns for either floors or tables.

OTHER GOODS IN ENDLESS PROFUSION.

We have enumerated only a few of the many articles we have for sale, as it would require many more columns than we would like to pay for to give a full list of all the goods we keep. Suffice it to say that we have the largest stock of merchandise in Ebensburg—indeed more than double what any other house contains—all of which we bought at the lowest cash prices, while many of the goods were bought early and of course before any advance in price. Of this latter class we note Canton Flannels, of which we purchased largely in July and at prices much lower than they could be bought for now. So too with our monster stock of Boots and Shoes, as well as many other goods which might be mentioned, and which were all bought at the old and more moderate prices of three months ago. This is how it comes to pass that we can sell goods cheaper than other men in the business. We know some dealers will tell you that we are only blowing, but all we ask is a comparison of our prices with theirs. We have sold GROCERIES cheaper all summer than any other firm in town, and we not only intend to do so in the future, but to keep the largest and best stock of GROCERIES, as well as FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, FISH, MEAT, LARD, GLASS of all sizes, NAILS, OILS &c., &c., to be found in Northern Cambria.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH, or Country Produce at Cash Prices.

☞We buy all kind of grain, beans, onions, chestnuts, and other produce. Call at our store and we will take great pleasure in showing you our goods and informing you of our prices, whether you wish to buy anything or not.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, October 8, 1879.-tf.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING

RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and leg double thickness of Rubber, the fibre or grain of which is crossed at right angles, whereby separation of the fibres or "cracking" is made impossible. Ordinary Rubber Boots invariably wrinkle, leading to cracks, besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out the stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of *Solid Rubber*, half inch thick, and not filled with Rags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling," in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground-up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof, but in this Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Boot, "when the top sole and long sole are worn through, a third sole—all solid Rubber—presents itself, and gives 100 per cent. additional wear, without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear several pairs of common Rubber Boots.

Sectional View
OF THE
95 Per Cent. Sterling
RUBBER BOOT.
Showing the Solid Rubber Filling Sole in place of the Rag Filling used in ordinary Rubber Boots.
DOUBLE THICK UPPER
SOLID RUBBER FILLING SOLE
IRON RESS GUARD

Warranted Three Months,

and that there may be no question as to the time, the patent binding, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof, and the Boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. (See warrant in large circular.) Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg.

Although seemingly high priced, are more economical than a Boot of less cost, and with proper care will render good service from Fall until Spring.

The Poor Man's Boot.

FOR SALE BY

S. BLUMENTHAL,

1119 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

Grand Opening

—OF—

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

HATS AND CAPS! HATS AND CAPS!

Furnish'g Goods, &c.,

For Gents, Youths Boys and Children.

ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING IN ALL CASES!

☞The above Goods are entirely new and guaranteed the finest, best and cheapest in the city. Call and examine.

S. B. CORN & CO.,

1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

Iron City College

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle aged men for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

[9-26.-3m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents $77 Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

CAUTION.—Whereas my wife, Mary E. Stromer, has left my bed and board without any just cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will not pay any bills, accounts, or debts contracted by her, unless compelled by due course of law. GEORGE JOS. STROMER.

Washington Twp., Nov. 25, 1879.-3t.*

PIGS FOR SALE.—The subscriber has a choice lot of young pigs of the Essex and Berkshire breeds, which he will sell at moderate prices. JOSEPH GUTWALD.

Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1879.

UNKNOWN IS BEST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If the dead lying under the grasses,
Unseen linger near the bereft,
Having knowledge and sense of what passes
In the hearts and the homes they have left,
What teardrops, than sea waters salter,
Must fall as they watch all the strife—
When they see how we fail, how we falter,
How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their faces
Bedewed by a weeping world's tears,
Stand near and can see how their places
Are filled, while the multitude cheers,
If the parent, whose back is bent double
With delving for riches and gold,
Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble
About him before he is cold.

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow
Behind her, bends down from above,
And beholds the tears dried on the morrow,
And the eyes newly burning with love;
If the gracious and royal-souled mother,
From the silence and hush of the tomb,
Can hear the harsh voice of another
Slow-blighted the fruit of the womb,

If the old hear their early begotton
Rejoicing that burdens are gone;
If the young know how soon they're forgotten
While the mirth and the revel go on—
What sighing of sorrow and anguish
Must sound through the chambers of space!
What desolate spirits must languish
In the mystic and undescribed place!
The Life was a farce with its burden,
And Death but a terrible jest,
But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon
Of silence and beautiful rest.

SAVED BY A SANDSTORM.

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW MEXICO.

The incident I am about to relate took place on the Jornada desert, the route across which is called in the language of the country, Jornada del Meurte—journey of death.

It is a barren, treeless waste, stretching for ninety miles along the Rio Grande river, and extending eastward to the White mountains, unwatered by a single stream, and only one spot for obtaining a supply of nature's precious beverage, known also by the ominous title of Oje del Meurte—spring of death—is found in the whole length of the passage.

Scant vegetation exists in a few favored localities, but the greater part is a grassless plain, alternating with vast fields of white sand which, blown hither and thither by the fierce winds that in summer sweep over the torrid expanse, look like billowy seas on the horizon. This tract would also be devoid of all animal life but for the ceaselessly roaming red man, and the occasional herds of antelope that speed fleetly from range to range of the widely separated mountains.

It was on an occasion such as I have just noted, that I was led into the perilous situation, from the dangers of which one of the nature's wild and singular phenomena interposed to save me. Wearied by the inactivities of a halt made early in the day, Bob and I had wandered forth to stretch our legs, and look for antelope. The quest proving fruitless, we now stood for a moment looking over the dreary prospect, within whose desert sweep we seemed to be the only living creatures. The sun, still some hours high, beat down with unabated zeal upon the gleaming waste and not a breath of air stirred to fan our heated brows. Long, filmy, spiral-like clouds stood high in the azure heavens, an indication of a whirlwind in those latitudes, we both knew; and Bob eyeing them remarked:

"A good day for whirlwinds; there goes one now," pointing out to me a slight cloud of dust rising above a swell of the plain far to our right. "No, there's something moving there," he added, as several dark objects became visible, bobbing up and down beyond the rise.

"Our antelope, perhaps," I suggested.

"Antelope! not they. Antelope would show more white. By George, we are in for it! I believe those are Indians," returned my friend, steadily watching the distant objects.

"Yes, and there's lots of them, too. Let's be off out of this before they see us," I exclaimed, as a dozen or more savage forms, clustered together on the mound, left no further room for doubt as to what species of animal they belonged.

"They are bound to see us anyhow. They see us now, but we'll give 'em a long chase. Come on," cried Bob, lopping off at a great rate as he spoke.

Taking one more look at the Indians I saw that they were still there; and something more I saw, that which portended yet greater danger to us. A slender column of smoke was slowly making its way into the still air. A signal smoke? Then there were more of the red fiends around, whom these were notifying of the discovery of our presence, and how much more I could only conjecture.

Being a good runner in those days I was soon alongside of Bob, shouting what I had seen to him as we ran.

"I know the game. They have been watching our train and have seen us all the time. They have set a trap for us—divided up—and I reckon we are in a fix," yelled Bob, glancing suspiciously about, as if expecting to see an enemy spring out of the very sand at our feet.

Having nothing to do but run, I held my peace and did my best at that. The course was an excellent one, just yielding enough not to hurt the feet, and we were in good condition for the race, having been under diet and training in Uncle Sam's hands for many months. Still, as we were some ten miles from camp, to distance the trained runners of these wilds in a trial of so great a length would, I feel, test our powers of endurance to their utmost. But I felt confident of being able to reach a position whence the sound of our rifles should be heard in camp and quickly bring some of our comrades to our assistance ere the party we had seen could overtake us.

My thoughts would dwell on the signal smoke I had seen, and warily watched and avoided, so far as possible, the occasional shallow rifts, left by some former deluge, that might serve as places of ambuscade to our implacable foes.

"If we only could gain some shelter the case would not appear so desperate," I thought; for in all probability we could defend ourselves against the enemy until succor should come. But here, on the open plain, we were at the mercy of the Indians, and would be surrounded, scalped, and our bones be left to whiten on the desert sands.

Such thoughts as these filled my mind as I glanced back every few moments at the pursuing band of redskins, each time to see them nearer, and coming on with the rapidity and ease of a prize runner at Gilmore's. What Bob thought of the situation I knew not. He was pulling on vigorously, and his face wore an expression I had learned to interpet as one of great determination.

Bob would die hard. Both of us would die hard I knew; and more than one savage should fail to be in at the "lifting" of our hair. Bob and I had as yet, not much experience in the stratagems of the wily feo. In later years we should have saved our wind, and coolly kept the enemy at bay with our long range rifles.

We had run some three miles, when a whoop on our left caused us to glance in that direction, where we beheld another horde of savages with yells and gesticulations, bearing swiftly down upon us, and not more than a quarter of a mile away.

Our worst fears seemed now about to be realized. We were already pretty well exhausted, but our speed sensibly increased under this new incentive. Yet we knew it could not last. Something besides running had now to be done and at once. Two of the Indians were outstripping the rest, and rapidly nearing us. Bob and I were of one mind, for without speaking, we slackened our pace. After getting our breath a little, we agreed on a plan of action.

The two foremost savages were now within range, one leading the other by two or three rods, and suddenly coming to a halt, I faced them and delivered my shot, with the best aim I was capable of, at the nearest. It missed him but the second Indian, chancing to be in the line of fire, fell howling and kicking on the sand. The Indian in the lead retreated to his fallen comrade, and I instantly reloaded and turned toward Bob, who, in continuation of our plan of operations, was to fire in his turn. Bob was a cool, true shot, and, dropping on one knee, he sighted at the Indian who seeing the motion, began dancing about at a great rate, at the same making off toward his companions. After following his movements a moment Bob fired, and the savage fell backward never to rise again.

"There, I feel better," said Bob, rising and shoving home a cartridge. "Those two won't be likely to trouble us again. Oh, if we only had some rocks or trees to get behind now! But there isn't as much as a twig for a bird to light upon on these accursed sand heaps," he continued emphasizing his remarks by a contemptuous thrust of a United States army No. 9 brogan into said soil.

While Bob was talking my eyes had been on the Indians, but my thoughts were traveling over the route we had come that afternoon from camp. I remembered that we had passed a small, rocky elevation, caused by the washing of the soft soil from a ledge once wholly covered by earth, thus leaving exposed a ridge of broken, crumbling sandstone. Where was this ledge? Might we not yet gain the protection of these jagged spurs?

"Bob!" I shouted at length as we again moved briskly on, "did you notice the rocky ridge we passed coming out?"

"Ha! yes: I remember it. Just the place we want. But where was it? I couldn't tell to save me from yonder howling imps. I wonder what's the matter with them now?" replied Bob, glancing over his shoulder at the Indians. "They have joined their forces; just what I thought; they'll be after us fierce now," he added.

"Well, let them come! We are sure to reach the ledge. Follow me; I know exactly where it lies," I cried taking the lead.

Our pursuers, now increased to the number of twenty-five or thirty, were again coming on at a swift pace, but cheered by the anticipation of shelter near at hand, we held our own in the race for some time. Then another well directed shot from Bob checked their speed until, amid the most fearful whoops from the baffled foe, we gained the ledge and took refuge among its crumbling pinnacles.

The disappointed savages, after halting a moment, evidently for consultation, spread themselves out, completely encircling our little fortress, and with wild yells, made feints of rushing in upon us, discharging showers of arrows that fell far short of their mark, however. We thought they were going to charge upon us at once, and disposed ourselves to sell our lives as dearly as possible. But they were only amusing themselves, or trying to at our expense, and one, venturing within range to exhibit peculiar antics, expressive of contempt for white men generally, received a compliment, in return, from Bob's skillful hand that rolled him upon the sand, and caused the whole party to withdraw to a more secure distance. Then ensued a scene characteristic of all Southwestern Indians. A circle was formed around the body of the fallen brave, and a brawny savage, probably the chief, began haranguing the cowardly crowd, eliciting yells of rage and grief as he pointed alternately in our direction, or at the dead warrior at his feet.

He was, doubtless, endeavoring to incite his timid audience to braver deeds than they had yet exhibited, and we watched, with considerable anxiety, the result of his efforts. Suddenly, at this juncture, our attention was called to the unnatural darkness which, in a moment's time, as it seemed to us, so absorbed had we been in observing the movements of the enemy, fell like a great black pall over the gloomy plain.

A vast cloud extended from west to east across the heavens. The sun had gone behind its western limit, tinging the mountain-like heights with a rim of brightest gold, terminating with a deep fringe of amber; while earthward a wild, lurid appearance betokened the fierce strife of winds.

"We are going to have a tempest, Bob," I observed.

"Hope it will blow yonder red fiends clear across the desert, then," Bob replied, looking around. "But look there! What is that? A sandspout, by heaven! a monster too; I never saw anything like that before," cried Bob, starting up in excitement.

Nor had I ever seen the like. Approaching, as it seemed, exactly in our direction was a monster whirlwind, reaching from the darkened earth to the pall-like cloud above, wheeling and eddying in vast circles as it lapped up in its rapacious fold the light dust of the arid plain.

The advance of the terrible visitant was extremely grand and sublime. Its proportions were massive and awe-inspiring; its march as steady and resistless as the onward sweep of countless bison, but far more swift. The upper portion was as clearly cut and defined as the castled domes of the Colorado, and wore a lurid, yellowish hue—the whole heavens being now of the same unearthly color. Close to the ground it buiged broadly, like an inverted tunnel, and huge, cavern-like recesses opened in rapid succession amid the revolving mass. A dull roar, increasing to a fearful rushing sound, preceded the majestic approach of this irresistible desert monster.

The Indians, on their discovery of the terrifying phenomena, had eagerly watched for it a few moments, then made off eastward as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving their lifeless comrade behind—a most unusual circumstance for savages. They were fleeing from the path of the fast approaching whirlwind, they thought—but they were destined to become involved in its resistless vortex. For many seconds the huge mass seemed to tower directly over our heads, and we cowered, breathless, among the rocks; then it swept by with a roar like the rush of mighty wings, right in the wake of the flying Indians.

We saw them hesitate—turn and flee in an opposite direction. But they were too late. The gigantic leviathan of the air closed upon them, and whether they lived to escape the terrible consequences of such an experience I am unable to say, for we never saw them more.

With the rush of wind as the tempest swept by came a deluge of rain, refreshing the parched earth and our parched lips as well.

The skies cleared beautifully behind the departing storm and the sun went down in golden splendor as we took our glad leave of our rocky refuge.—*Portland Transcript.*

AN ILL-WIND.

A THRILLING TALE OF LOVE ON THE SEA.

"Hands by the halliards! Clew up royals and to'-gallant sails!" shouted Captain Berit of the ship Reindeer, as a heavy gale, which for many hours had been seen brewing to windward, came driving down toward the vessel.

"Shall we have a bad storm, papa?" inquired Winnie Melton—a beautiful young girl of seventeen—as she shrank closely to the side of her father, Mr. Melton, who stood with her on the quarter-deck of the ship.

The two had taken passage aboard the Reindeer at the Sandwich Islands, where Mr. Melton and Winnie, his only child, had been to visit an agent on business. He had taken his daugter with him because she had expressed a wish to go, and he had thought the trip would do her good.

"Better for me had I never seen that girl," muttered the poor sailing master, Warren Grove, as he stood on the quarter watching a French vessel to windward, which had been spoken a few hours before. "As soon as the storm passes, I will tell the captain I wish to leave his vessel, and go aboard yonder ship. Better I should tear myself away from the girl at once than remain to be tortured by the sight of one whom I can never hope to make mine."

Warren had lately received an honorable discharge from the Chilian sloop-of-war St. Mary, and had taken passage for home.

He was a fine looking young fellow, with clear, gray eyes, sun-browned face, and a form inured to hardships; for he had led a wild, roving sort of life from his youth.

This fondness for wandering and adventure had kept him poor, and that was why he thought it was better had he never seen Winnie Melton, whom he loved at first sight.

The rich brunette complexion, the round, plump form, the lithe, willowy waist, the musical, unaffected voice, were irresistible; but it was the dark eye under her arching brows, with their varied expression, now bright, merry, sparkling, now shy and soft as a gazelle's, at one moment uplifted, the next hidden by the long, silky lashes—that caught poor Warren's heart so promptly.

He had spoken to Mr. Melton, who liked him, and was pleased to hear him relate some of his adventures.

Winnie, however, seemed to treat him rather coldly. She would sometimes stand and listen to his conversation with her father, but whenever he spoke to her she would answer briefly, and even seem a little vexed. In fact, she avoided him so sedulously that he at last concluded she disliked him, and resolved to speak to her no more, the conviction forcing itself on his mind that she thought he was a mere fortune hunter, and was attracted by her wealth.

There was one person, however, with whom she often conversed; a rich young man, named Walker Fitzberg, who was a passenger aboard the Reindeer, and whom Mr. Melton had known before.

"Aye, he will marry her," thought Warren, "and I shall continue to be a wanderer. I had intended to 'settle down,' but I could never rest were she to become the wife of another."

With intense interest Warren watched the seamen, as they sprang to execute the order to take in sail.

As Winnie put her timid question, he could not help giving her a reassuring glance, as her father replied:

"Yes, Winnie, I think we shall have a severe storm, but the Reindeer is a good ship, and will brave it!"

The vessel was soon under reefed mainsail, close reefed maintopsail and topmast stay sail.

With a howl and a shriek the storm pounced upon her. The masts bent and snapped, the rigging bellied in whistling, ropes and sheets writhed and slatted about, the ship was whirled down on her beam ends, and sent driving along through the mad waters in a perfect cloud of spray humming thunder.

Standing on tip-toe, clutching her father's arm, Winnie was a pretty picture to look at.

The lips were half parted and trembling with anxiety; the dark curls blown loose about the shoulders, the red mantle fluttered on the wind, the form was drawn up so that the beautiful outline of the waist was distinctly revealed.

The Captain was about advising his passengers to go below, when a tremendous shock went through the ship.

"We are going down!" with white lips shrieked the carpenter. He had just been in the hold, and reported that a whale or some other sea monster had come into contact with the ship's bottom, and there stove a hole.

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the Captain, in a clear voice.

Warren sprang to assist.

The quarter-boat and long-boat were soon cleared away and lowered. Ere they could be well provisioned an ominous roaring sound was heard.

It was the rushing of the water into the hold!

Fitzberg, losing all control of himself, sprang for the boat, in his haste almost knocking Winnie down.

The two boats were soon manned, but ere Winnie could be helped into them by Warren Grove and her father, the ship lifted her bows and lurched heavily, preparatory to going down.

This parted the boat-warps.

Mr. Melton had just sprang into the long-boat, and with several sailors stood ready to take Winnie, whom Warren, in the main chain, was endeavoring to pass to the boat. The lurch frightened the girl, who slipped back on deck from Warren's grasp, while he, thus losing his balance, fell into the boat.

"My child! Oh, God! my child!" screamed Mr. Melton, holding out his hands, his gray hair streaming in the wind.

Warren compressed his lips, made one tremendous spring, and clutched the parted boat-warp, dangling over the ship side. By this he drew himself to the deck of the sinking vessel.

She was plunging down; the young man clutched Winnie, and endeavored to strike out for the boats, but the mad whirlpool of waters drew him and the girl down into the cabin.

Down, lower, went the fated ship. The cataract of water poured round the young people and filled the cabin.

Winnie gasped and trembled; her gurgling smote upon Warren's ears.

He endeavored to keep on the surface of the water, which, owing to the inclination of the ship, had not yet reached the upper beams of the cabin.

The rumbling thunder and gurgle of the incoming seas filled the whole ship.

Warren gained the surface of the water, but another sheeted cataract poured in, and the cabin was full to the beams!

The young man was strangling; but he did not lose his self-possession. He caught at a beam above him, and with a tremendous effort of strength drew himself and his burden to the upper cabin window, which had been burst open by the pressure of the water.

For a moment the suction force held him motionless here, but the next, the ship being now full of water, the bubbles began to break, and with them and his precarious burden were sent shooting to the surface of the sea.

The crew of the long-boat picked them up.

Fortunately there was not yet much of a sea, notwithstanding the force of the gale, so that both of the boats could be easily worked.

Mr. Melton clasped his half senseless daughter in his arms. She was not at all injured, as Warren had contrived to shield her person with his own form so as to receive the full force of the shock when dashed into the cabin.

He was badly bruised and lay nearly lifeless in the bottom of the boat. In his excitement and anxiety to save Winnie he had previously scarcely felt his injuries.

"My noble fellow!" said the Captain, taking a brandy flask from his pocket.

"I have saved her; let me die!" said Warren.

"No, no!" cried Winnie, sobbing over the prostrate man. "You shall live, and may you be happy with her—the young lady in London whom you intended to wed."

"I—wed?" stammered Warren. "I know no young lady in London. Who told you that?"

"Mr. Fitzberg."

The latter colored, and muttered something about "all being fair in love and war."

"It was false," said Warren. Then he leaned back and his eyes closed.

"He is dead!" screamed Winnie, now impulsively throwing her arms around his neck.

But he is not dead.

In half an hour the castaways were all picked up by the French ship, which had berne down for them, and Warren was able to sit up in the berth, where he had been conveyed.

Winnie and her father were at his side, the girl holding his hand.

She proved a tender nurse, and what might have been expected followed.

They were united a few months later.

Warren obtained remunerative employment in the merchant firm of his uncle, and is now a partner.

Winnie and he are indeed happy—made so by that accident to the Reindeer—as otherwise Warren would have left the ship, never perhaps to meet the young girl, whose coldness towards him, caused by Fitzberg's artful falsehood, would thus have remained unexplained.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.—Now that "mysterious disappearances" appear to have set in with unexampled severity, it will be of interest to recall a very remarkable instance which made a great impression on the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A gentleman whom Mr. Hawthorne names Wakefield, being happily married, and dwelling in London, one day hit upon the idea that he would mysteriously disappear. There was, or at least there is, nothing peculiar in that. Only Mr. Wakefield determined that he would not dissappear further than the next street. Accordingly he took lodging in the street next adjoining that in which his once happy home was situated, and there, lost to sight though to memory dear, dwelt for twenty years. During that period, our authority says, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield, but was himself never recognized. After this gap of twenty years in his matrimonial felicity, when his death was accepted as a certainty, when his estate had been administered and his wife long resigned to her autumnal widowhood, he one evening quietly knocked at the door, walked in as if he had just arrived after a day's absence in the city, and thenceforward lived a loving and home-staying spouse. The advantages of this topographical arrangement are obvious, at least as far as Mr. Wakefield was concerned. His propinquity would have enabled him at any time to appear on the scene, supposing his wife had been less faithful to his memory, and been disposed again to embark upon matrimony. To that extent he seems to have had his wife at a disadvantage, and on the whole his conduct is not commendable. But there is one grain of comfort to be derived from the story—which we should add, is not born of the fertile brain that weaved the weird tale of "The House with the Seven Gables," but was related as a matter-of-fact in a contemporary newspaper. It goes to prove, in support of more modern and notorious instances, that when gentlemen, and particularly married gentleman, "mysteriously disappear," there are alternatives to the acceptance of the theory of robbery and murder.—*London News.*

MR. LEVY, a storekeeper in Jackson, Michigan, felt very much like shouting "stop thief!" the other day. He bought forty pounds of honey and put it in a box in his store. When he went to look at the honey two days afterward he saw that bees had stolen every ounce of it. More than one hundred of the thieves were lifting the sides of the box when he looked in.

ambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

DAY, - - - - - DEC. 5, 1879.

AN eloquent appeal from Cardinal anning for subscriptions to alleviate widespread] distress in Ireland was d in all the Catholic churches in ndon on Sunday last. It is stated at in the west of Ireland hunger, verty, and want prevail to an extent ch has never been known since the at Irish famine of 1846 and 1847.

THE President's message was delivered the two houses of Congress on Monday. It is a document of fearful length, d we can only promise to publish a nopsis of it next week, if we happen come across one among our exchanges. t is said to be a creditable State paper—moderate and conciliatory in its tone, nd that it does not impute to the Confederate brigadiers the plotting of a new rebellion, or an intention to march upon Washington.

WHEN the editor of the Hollidaysburg *Register* deliberately wrote and published in the last number of his paper, that "No man below Mason and Dixon's line was more prompt at the precipitation of rebellious war on the Government to cast in his fortunes with treason, and when it was struck down to cling to its disgrace, than Senator Bayard of Delaware," he succeeded in doing more solid lying and in less space than was ever before accomplished by a newspaper editor since the invention of the art of printing.

THE editor of a prominent German paper in St. Louis is authority for the statement that the German press throughout the country is almost solid against the third term project. He says that the Germans saw more of military rule in their own country than is wholesome—that they came here to enjoy constitutional liberty, and that they will never vote to confer the Presidency for the third term on a man whose civil career showed that he was better fitted to govern by the sword than by the peaceful process of the law.

THE independent Republicans of New York have published an address, in which they show conclusively that at least 20,000 voters of their way of thinking "scratched" Cornell, the machine candidate for Governor, and declare very plainly that their support will not be given to Grant, should he be the Republican candidate for President. The more the third term project is pressed upon the people, the stronger becomes their repugnance to it, and the indications now are that by the first of next June no Republican will acknowledge that he was ever in favor of it.

THOMAS V. COOPER, who represents Delaware county in the State Senate and also edits a newspaper, makes the announcement in his journal that John A. Lemon will not again consent to run for the Senate in the Cambria and Blair district. If this statement should turn out to be true, and we think it will, the number of Democrats in this and Blair counties will be legion who will suddenly discover that they were originally intended for State Senators and not hing else, and have been fooling away several years of their lives in other and less honorable pursuits, and that too without the dear people having discovered that nature intended them for legislators.

AN association composed of one hundred and six voters calling themselves "Jackson Democrats," of Otsego county, New York, has issued an address nominating Hendrick B. Wright, of this State, for President. "Among his personal qualifications the address mentions the important historical fact that Hendrick B. presided over the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1844 that nominated James K Polk for the Presidency. "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud," etc.? If there isn't a lunatic asylum in Otsego county, there ought to be one. It would be a handy thing to have an institution of that kind in that locality for the especial accommodation of "Jackson Democrats" who want to make a President out of Hendrick B. Wright. Andrew Jackson was the hardest kind of a hard money man, and the attempt through the magnetism of his name to make a little political capital for such a financial charlatan as the Luzerne county Congressman, is enough to make the bones of "Old Hickory" turn around in their coffin.

THE increase this year in the Southern States in the production of cotton has been 500,000 bales, 12,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and 200,000 hogsheads of sugar. This increase represents a total value of $75,000,000, and is nearly all the product of negro labor. If the negroes of the South were really in the wretched and deplorable condition in which the Republican politicians and the Republican press in the North constantly represent them to be—if they are all the time in deadly fear of the shotgun—if they are murdered, oppressed and cheated all through the South as radical demagogues proclaim that they are, how could it be possible for them during the present year to produce a larger cotton crop than they ever did during the old days of slavery? If the blood-curdling statements of Blaine, the late Zachariah Chandler, John Sherman, and the rest of the bloody shirt statesmen in regard to the condition of the Southern negroes were only half true, no such crop could ever have been raised. No such results were ever achieved by colored laborers who are being constantly whipped and murdered, and in the lying words of John Sherman, "have to hide a great deal of the time in the swamps." And yet these slanders are daily uttered in the North in the very face of the facts we have stated regarding the product of negro labor, and Republicans with amazing credulity go to the polls and believe though they were as true as gospel.

THE case of the Commonwealth against Charles B. Salter, an ex-member of the Legislature from Philadelphia, for corrupt solicitation, arising out of the attempted passage by the House last winter of the Pittsburg riot losses bill, was called up for trial in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Dauphin county on Monday of last week. A motion made by Salter's counsel to quash the array of jurors for certain reasons presented to the Court having been overruled, a motion was made by the same counsel to quash the indictment, upon the ground that while the law will not permit more than *twenty-three* Grand Jurors to be sworn, *twenty-four* men participated in the deliberations of the jury at the last August sessions when the indictment was returned "a true bill." The defendant's counsel proposed to prove that such was the fact, and although Judge Black and Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, stoutly resisted any attempt to impeach or contradict by evidence the record of the Grand Jury, the court permitted the offer, and it having been shown by competent testimony that the allegation of the defendant's counsel was true, quashed the indictment. This was on Wednesday of last week, and the Court adjourned until Friday, when at 2 o'clock on that day the case of the Commonwealth against A. W. Leisinring, another defendant residing in Mauch Chunk, was taken up. His counsel made the same motion to quash the indictment that had prevailed in the Salter case. A lengthy discussion followed, Judge Black and Mr. Carpenter stating to the Court that they were much better prepared to resist the motion in the present case than they had been in the former one. After Messrs. Black and Carpenter had cited their authorities and the counsel for the defense had been heard on the other side, Judge Pearson stated that he would withhold his decision until next Monday, the 8th, in order to obtain sufficient time thoroughly to examine the question. He also stated that he would *not* file his opinion in the Salter case which he had written out until that time. Whatever may be the action of the Court on Monday next, none of the cases against Kemble and his lobby will be tried until the next term, commencing on the third Monday of January, the defendants having renewed their bail for their appearance at that time. It is not yet known who the *twenty-fourth* man was who so kindly undertook to aid the Grand Jury in their labors, but of course the secret will eventually be made apparent. Sam Barr, of Harrisburg, who is Don Cameron's private secretary, was a member of the Grand Jury when all the bills against the lobby agents of Kemble and against Kemble himself were returned true bills last August, and it is shrewdly suspected that Samuel could a tale unfold that would fully explain the mystery.

THERE is probably no member of Congress from the South who is better qualified to give a reliable statement of the present political aspect of affairs in that section of the Union than E. John Ellis, who represents the second Louisiana district. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* sent to that paper an interview he had with Mr. Ellis last week, in which he spoke of the position of the South as regards the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency, as follows:

"I suppose Bayard would be acceptable to the South?"

"Yes, or Hancock either. The Southern Democrats will be satisfied with Bayard and will give him every Southern vote. They will be satisfied with Hendricks and give him every vote. They will be satisfied with Judge Field and will give him every vote, or they would be satisfied with David Davis—in short, the South will accept any good Democrat, with the single exception of Mr. Tilden, as I have said."

"Have the Democrats in Louisiana any preference?"

"Yes, I think they have. I think Hancock will be the first choice of Louisiana. He proved himself a true friend to us at a time when we needed friends, and his course while in power in our midst endeared him very much to our people. He is also very strong in Texas, and I am inclined to believe that both Louisiana and Texas will give General Hancock their votes in the next Democratic Convention. I have been stumping my State recently and I took occasion to test the feeling of the people to a very considerable extent. I would speak of Mr. Bayard as a pure statesman and a man of incorruptible integrity, without spot or blemish, as a man who would rather be right than be President. The mention of his name invariably drew forth warm applause, but whenever I mentioned General Hancock's name hats would go up and there would be a hurrah. That is the difference of feeling as to the two men in my State, but, as I said, either of them or any other good Democrat would be acceptable to the Democrats of Louisiana and would be supported."

"How about the rest of the South?"

"Well, I think the choice lies between General Hancock and Senator Bayard. So far as I know, that seems to be the feeling."

HARRISBURG, PA., NOV. 17.—The people of Pennsylvania note with pleasure the completion of the circuit around the globe by General Grant. On his second round, by their acclaim, they will arrest him here on a "writ," until in 1881 he shall inaugurate as the Chief Magistrate of a Nation the full purposes of a free people, and in 1885, 60,000,000 of us will bid him "God speed" to the fulfillment of a perfect career.

HENRY M. HOYT,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

When this dispatch to the Grant reception committee in Chicago was first published in the papers of that city, the Republican organs in this State did not hesitate to pronounce it a malicious forgery, and were very confident that Henry M. Hoyt had not dishonored his high office by sending it. But Hoyt, although he was no doubt roosting very high when the dispatch was transmitted, has been forced by the pressure of outraged public opinion to admit its genuineness. Such a dispatch from any source would be disgraceful, but when sent by the Governor of a great and patriotic State it becomes so to the last degree. What is the difference between Hoyt's wish to see Grant invested with the Presidency for life, and the jolly Dutchman in an Illinois town at one of Grant's receptions, who called for "three cheers for king Grant," or between Hoyt and Judge Bradwell, who at the Chicago reception in shaking hands with Grant, said: "Next year, General, we'll put a crown on your head." What must the people think of Grant who reads all and hears some of these degrading exhibitions of man-worship without uttering a single word of rebuke? And what must the honest Republicans of Pennsylvania think of the man upon whom they bestowed the highest State honor in their gift and who will thus humiliate and insult them?

Three Strange Deaths.

The Philadelphia *Record* of Monday last says:

In the early hours of yesterday occurred three strange and sudden deaths. A wanderer, a helpless, wretched woman, had sunk so low that even in the depraved depths of Alaska street she could find no place to lay her head. Annie Wilson was sitting in a doorway at Seventh and Alaska streets after Saturday midnight, when Officer Gilmore told her she must go away, or he would take her to the station house. The abandoned creature slowly obeyed, and nothing more was seen of her until the morning light disclosed her dead body hidden away in a coal-hole in the rear of 608 Baker street, where she had gone to die.

The two other deaths were peculiar. James Brown shot himself in the head with a pistol, and no one heard the noise, although it occurred in a boarding-house, and one of the boarders was lying asleep on a sofa within a few feet of him. Strange, also, is the absence of any cause for the action.—Brown kept a tavern at 1630 Lombard street and boarded at 1639 Lombard street. His conduct on Saturday was not peculiar. He visited friends in different parts of the city, returned to his tavern at eleven o'clock, and closed up at midnight. Nothing more is known of his movements until, at three o'clock in the morning, one of the boarders entering the sitting-room, discovered him stretched at full length on the floor, his head lying in a pool of blood, which had oozed from a wound in the head. On his groin lay a revolver. The gas in the room was burning at full head. Brown was then dead.

The third death was shocking in the deliberate preparations made for self-murder. About five o'clock yesterday morning William Bradley blew the roof of his head off. He lived on Prospect street, Roxborough. He was thirty-eight years of age and the father of three children, the eldest being but nine years of age. His wife died about sixteen months ago, and since that time he has been in a despondent mood. Matters have not been prosperous at home with Bradley. Lately he had been paying court to a young lady of Manayunk, and was engaged to be married to her in April next. On Saturday night he left his work at the mills of the American Pulp Works, where he was engaged as fireman. During the day he had complained seriously of a felon which was on his left hand, and said that he was in great pain. The housekeeper for Bradley says that he was in a sulky mood during the early part of the evening, and, in consequence of threats he had frequently made of late about committing suicide, she had kept a close watch upon him. He retired early, and nothing was heard from him until three o'clock in the morning, when she heard a noise in the kitchen. She arose, and got as far as the kitchen door, when Bradley refused to let her enter. She asked him what was the matter, and he said he was suffering from the felon on his hand. She returned to her room, and about five in the morning heard another noise down stairs, and she again went to the kitchen. Bradley again stopped her at the door and refused to allow her to enter. She apprehended something wrong, and retired to an adjoining room where she could hear the movements of the unhappy man. She was not in the room more than ten minutes when there was a loud explosion in the kitchen. The housekeeper rushed to the door and saw Bradley lying on the floor with the upper part of his head completely blown off. Police Lieutenant Taylor was sent for and he made an investigation of the tragedy, but no material cause could be found for the deed. Daylight presented a horrible scene in the kitchen. The brains of the suicide were scattered in every direction, hardly a spot on the wall being free from the stains of blood. The kitchen is four feet below the level of the street. Bradley placed the stock of his gun on the floor, and then, standing on one step, placed his head over the barrel and discharged the weapon with his toe. When the news of the affair was told to the young lady to whom Bradley had been engaged, she became frantic with grief. The protestations of her friends were unable to keep her from the scene of the tragedy. She rushed to the place, where she remained all day, refusing to leave.

GENERAL JEFF C. DAVIS.—General Jefferson C. Davis died at the Palmer House, Chicago, on Sunday afternoon, of pneumonia. We subjoin a brief sketch of his life and services:

He was born in Clark county, Indiana, March 2, 1828. At the beginning of the Mexican war he enlisted in Colonel Lane's Indiana regiment, and was promoted in 1848 to second lieutenant in the First United States Artillery for gallant conduct at Buena Vista. In 1852 he was promoted to first lieutenant, and in 1861 was one of the garrison of Fort Sumter during the bombardment. In May of the same year he was promoted to captain and given leave of absence to raise the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers, of which he became colonel. For gallant conduct, at Milford, Missouri, when he captured a superior force, he was made Brigadier General of Volunteers on December 18, 1861. At the battle of Pea Ridge, in March, 1862, he commanded a division. In April he participated in the battle of Corinth, and, after the evacuation of that place by the Confederates, was ordered to Louisville, where he was assigned to the duty of organizing new troops, with General William Nelson as his superior officer. Nelson was a very imperious man. On Thursday, the 25th day of September, 1862, General Davis called at Nelson's headquarters to confer with him upon the general subject of the citizen-soldiery under his command, and especially about their arms. The interview ended in General Nelson losing his temper, and he told General Davis he was not fit to command men and threatened to arrest him. On the 29th Davis called on Nelson to settle the difficulty, and was called a contemptible puppy. Davis turned on his heel and walked away. He got a revolver, and when he met Nelson later called upon him to defend himself and fired. The shot was a fatal one. Davis was arrested, but never tried, and was soon restored to duty. He commanded a division in the battles around Murfreesboro and Chickamauga in 1862-3. In 1864 he commanded the Fourteenth Corps of Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign and in the march to the sea.—He received the brevet of major general in 1865, and was made colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry on July 28, 1866. He was subsequently stationed on the Pacific Coast, commanding for some time the troops in Alaska. In 1873, after the murder of General Canby by the Modoc Indians in Southern Oregon, he took command of the forces operating against them and compelled them to surrender. General Davis was at the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Washington a few days ago. He took a severe cold, which resulted in his death.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The Clearfield *Journal* of last week says:

A friend informs us that during the storm that prevailed about 5 o'clock on Friday evening, November 14, a ball of lightning, at a distance appearing to be two or three feet in diameter, fell slowly to the earth, striking and completely demolishing a large pine tree that stood about 100 yards from Mt. Calm school-house, in Lawrence township, and which measured two and a half feet in diameter at the butt and was a sound, live tree. The ball exploded upon striking, and a dense smoke arose, but the tree did not ignite nor was it charred in the least. About ten seconds seemed to elapse after the ball exploded until the peal of thunder was heard by those half a mile away, and they were slightly shocked at that distance. Upon examination it was found that the tree had been completely demolished—literally broken into kindling wood—and the pieces were scattered to a great distance in every direction, and nothing remained of the tree save a stub about six feet high, about the roots of which the ground was torn up. Pieces were found at the following distances from the tree: North, 615 feet; south, 500 feet; east, 330 feet, and west, 300 feet. Many people have visited the spot and express astonishment at the sight. The statement is corroborated by some of the township's best citizens who witnessed the phenomenon. Ball lightning is something of rare occurrence, and an eminent writer on the subject says, "there are but few instances of this on record, and no very satisfactory explanation has ever accounted for this curious appearance."

THE Agricultural Department at Washington gives the following as estimates of the crops of the United States for the present year:

Crop.	Bushels.
Wheat, bush.	448,570,000
Corn, bush.	1,092,161,520
Oats, bush.	322,000,000
Rye, bush.	25,546,000
Barley, bush.	40,184,000
Buckwheat, bush.	11,000,000
Potatoes, bush.	185,300,000
Tobacco, lbs.	394,000,000
Cotton, bales.	4,008,000

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.—"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, he one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and happy."—*The Mother.*

The Rule of Ireland.

We reproduce here a carefully written article on the subject of the troubles now agitating Ireland from the Philadelphia *Times* of last Saturday:

The one blot that most deforms the annals of English rule is the oppressive policy ever enforced upon the Irish people. It has been an offense to every enlightened and liberal civilization and a reproach upon the English government that ill befits the great constitutional monarchy of the world. For a period of nearly seven centuries, there has been ceaseless strife between ruling England and ruled Ireland, save when the harsh judgments of might have smothered resistance.—The history of Ireland is but a succession of rebellions and punishments. When there has been peace, it was the peace of death; the sullen submission of a hapless, helpless people to merciless power. Nearly seven hundred years ago, the Irish people were first wholly subdued and English laws forced upon them; and after four centuries of vain insurrections, five million acres of the lands of the people were forfeited to the Crown as the penalty of rebellion, and the English and Scottish Protestants given the Irish homes. It was not until American Independence was about to be achieved that liberal laws were granted to dissenters from the Established Church; it is just half a century since Catholic Emancipation, and the United States had chosen the third President before there was legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland.

The English rule of Ireland has been as unprofitable as it is disgraceful to the English nation. It has made the Emerald Isle a waste of poverty and its people worse than slaves. The chief monuments of English authority are in its list of treason trials, running through more than a third of the Christian era; in its confiscations; in its denials of civil and religious freedom; in its enforced contributions of tens of millions to avert starvation, and in the hatred of the present government that rankles in every genuine Irish soul. When O'Connell bequeathed his heart to the ruler of his faith to escape a resting-place in an oppressed land, he voiced the profound sense of public wrongs that centuries had taught his people; and when McManus and Meagher landed in the United States as fugitive convicts, the contrast between freedom and tyranny was impressed upon every civilization of the earth. The emancipated Irish serf comforted the English soldier on the battlefields of the revolution, and each year during a century of free government in the New World has drawn from the productive industry of Ireland its vigor and its courage. Only the poor and the helpless remain to fight the unequal battle against the despotic rule of England, and they struggle and starve and starve and struggle, repeating in nearly every decade the history of the lawlessness that despair has bred for nearly a thousand years.

The flame of rebellion that is now seen in Ireland is simply the periodical outbreak of the smothered fire that has broken out hundreds of times in the past. Soldiers can quench it again as soldiers have quenched it time and again, and the leaders of rebellion can be convicted and punished as has been done throughout a score of generations; but when Parnell, Davitt and their associates shall have been made convicts there will be no peace. The Irish people will be rebellious as ever before; they will hate the government with increased hatred, if possible, and they will be even more dangerous in the future, as a positive element of weakness in the English Government. There will be peace in Ireland only when English statesmanship accepts justice as one of its chief attributes in the government of the Irish people; and the time has come when the enlightened civilization of the world has a right to demand that the exceptional despotism displayed to Ireland, in contrast with the government of all other English dependencies, shall be modified by a humane and just recognition of some of the inherent rights of man. If England shall fail to do this, the day cannot be far distant when Ireland will fearfully avenge herself, and the God of nations can have no attribute that would take side with England in such a strife.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—A Boston dispatch of the 24 inst. says:

An official statement has been made concerning the recent utterance of Archbishop Williams, of this diocese, made at a recent meeting of the Catholic clergy of Boston, with regard to Catholic schools. The subject has been for some days a matter of extended comment, and it has been deemed necessary to give a correct statement of the matter to the public. At the assemblage referred to the Archbishop urged that, whenever practicable, Catholic schools should be established in every parish, and as far as possible made equal to public schools. They are regarded as praiseworthy where their establishment and support would not create any serious financial embarrassment or impose too grievous a burden on the resources of the faithful, as in the absence of suitable Catholic schools parents sending their children to the public schools, rather than allow them to grow up illiterate, should make it a matter of conscience to take due precautions against the dangers of such schools and attend diligently to the instruction of the children in the Christian doctrine out of school hours. In this connection the Archbishop read from the instructions sent to bishops of the United States through the Roman propaganda in a document dated November 24, 1875, and printed in some papers in this country soon after its reception. Considering the document in question and with reference to circumstances, where Catholic parents may with safe conscience send their children to public schools, where the danger being made remote, sufficient cause exists, such cause would commonly exist where there is no Catholic school at hand or where that which is accessible is little suited to educate the children properly or suitable to their condition in life. The Archbishop said: "In case of a decided and persistent difference of opinion arising between the pastor and parent as to the sufficiency alleged, the matter must be referred to the decision of the Bishop, whose decision will govern the conduct of both pastor and parent. Parents who for good and sufficient reasons omit to send their children to parochial schools, but otherwise secure for them efficient religious instruction, may, if well disposed, be admitted to sacraments. No priest has the right, save in the rare and exceptional case of public, scandalous sinners, to publicly refuse any of the sacraments of the Church to any Catholic reasonably applying for the same. Excommunication, as also public denunciation of individuals or designated classes, is strictly forbidden to all priests of the diocese in this as in all other cases."

DECEMBER PLANETS.—We present a brief summary of meteoric disturbing positions of the planets for the current month, with some remarks on the temperature:

Mercury will be in line with Neptune the 4th and in a similar line with Mars on the 8th, and in line with Venus on the 21st; also with Uranus the 24th. Mercury is in its ascending node the 5th, in perihelion the 8th, and in its inferior conjunction with the sun the same date. Venus will be in its perihelion the 12th. The moon will be eclipsed on the 28th. The sun will be in perigee the 31st.—Venus will be in longitudinal line with Uranus the 24th. The moon will be in conjunction with Mars the 23d. The principal disturbing positions of the planets for December appear to be located about the 5th, 8th to 12th, the 21st to 23d and 29th. The temperature will probably average above the mean of the season during the first twenty days over large areas of country and below the mean the last ten days. Winter will set in for good about the 28th or 29th. Great agitations on the sun may be looked for from the 9th to the 14th. Great elevations occurred in the sun in December, 1872, when Mercury passed its perihelion and inferior conjunctions in that month. Many earthquakes occurred at this time in Oregon. The same elevation may be looked for the first half of the present month. As we said of November, there would be sudden changes when the warmest clothing would be needed, and again when it would be uncomfortable, so it may be said of the first twenty days of December. In November the mercury went up very high and as suddenly fell to a low point. The temperature averaged above the mean, and on the whole the past month was remarkable for its variations from unusual warmth to extreme cold.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the Galveston (Tex.) *News* from Waco says:

Last night in the country near this place, where a dance was in progress, Rod Wood invited Miss Grace Stanfield to dance, which she declined. Wood became angry and demanded that the dance cease, and following one Will Currie into a back room provoked a fight. Currie knocked him down with a pair of tongs. The two men afterwards met outside and fought a duel with pistols, a dozen shots being exchanged, Currie was wounded in the hand, a bystander in the leg and Geo. Wood shot in the thigh. But Wood then went to where Miss Stanfield was engaged in conversation with Albert Chock and made two attempts to shoot her. He then remarked to Chock: "You are a friend of Currie," and shot him dead, and, going up to Currie, knocked him senseless with his pistol. Wood then made good his escape.

THE boom in grain-wing. Honest John Patterson of South Carolina and the Junia's valley is out for Grant. Ain't Pete Sheppard.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mrs. Shortsleeves, of Westfield, Vt., was killed at a funeral by a runaway horse.

—The total expense of collecting the customs revenue during the year was $5,485,779.03.

—Twenty-eight special agents of the Treasury Department were employed during the fiscal year.

—Rev. George Randall, of Yancy county, N. C., has killed 575 ground hogs this season, and preached two sermons every Sunday.

—The Denver *Tribune* says that a mere millionaire is a mere nobody at Leadville. Men talk there of a five or ten-millionaire.

—During November the mints turned out 80,135 double eagles, 322,510 eagles, 180,204 half eagles and 2,409,000 standard silver dollars.

—The King of the Sandwich Islands has a daughter named Victoria-Kawekie-Kaiulani-Lunalilo-Kalaniulahilapiana, and yet she is only 4 years old.

—A mass meeting of Irishmen has been called to meet at St. Louis December 8, to advance the project of raising funds and otherwise providing for destitute people in Ireland.

—William R. McLean, a prominent Odd Fellow, and for nearly twenty seven years foreman of the Washington *Evening Star* composing room, died lately of Bright's disease.

—The West Chester *Local News* says if a man has a wife, and if she weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and if she is worth her weight in gold, she will be worth exactly $30,000.

—In splitting open a log hauled on land from the Susquehanna river at Marietta, Pa., three handsome bass, one weighing five pounds, were found in a cavity in the centre of the log.

—Dr. Glenn, the California wheat-grower, is said to have had 45,000 acres in wheat this year; his crop was 800,000 bushels. For working his enormous ranche he has 400 double teams.

—To saw and split wood, carry water, coal, and wood, plough, harrow, and thresh, and in cities sweep the streets, are, says the Berlin *Tageuecht*, among the avocations of a German woman.

—Among the latest German patent applications there is one for the process of making a green color by oxidizing the sulphide of tetramethyldiamidotriphenylmethan, if you know what that is.

—A party of Clinton county hunters had fourteen deer strung up in the woods at the head of Baker's run. Another party returned to Lock Haven on Thursday night of last week with nine deer.

—Bishop Elder, of Natchez, has been selected as coadjutor to Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. Bishop Elder has long occupied a prominent position in the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, but he will not have a bed of roses in a diocese overwhelmed in debt.

—Work on the middle penitentiary has been suspended on account of the cold weather. The foundation of the wall that is to enclose the ground—ten acres—has been laid up the surface and the reservoir is completed. No more work will be done at the building until next spring.

—Dennis Kearney threatened to break up a meeting in San Francisco if he had to wade knee deep in blood to do it; but when arrested by a very small policeman for disorderly conduct he submitted with lamb-like meekness, and would not permit his followers to raise a finger in his behalf.

—A whaling bark from the Arctic Ocean brings the news that the exploring vessel Jeannette is in peril of being caught in the ice and crushed to pieces, though the crew may escape in safety. After all the preparations made for her voyage it would be too bad to see her wrecked almost in view of her destination.

—The *Eusfalls* of Rome states that the Pope has written to the Irish Bishops asking them to interpose between the people and the government to avert strife and to pacify the people by assuring them that the English government will promptly examine into the questions which have caused the present agitation.

—Alexander McOmb, formerly one of the proprietors and editors of the Troy *Whig*, and afterwards proprietor of the New York *Gazette*, which was merged into the *Journal of Commerce*, died at his residence in Troy on Sunday morning, in the 80th year of his age. In his days of activity he was an able journalist and business man.

—The Grand Jury which recently adjourned at Salt Lake City found four indictments for polygamy. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining truthful testimony from witnesses "who, by their own admission and from the circumstances, could, if they would, have given satisfactory evidence as to the guilt or innocence of parties."

—A very beautiful lady who was hurrying thro' the streets of Baltimore turned and in pathetic accents asked a gentleman walking beside her to knock a pickpocket down who was following her. The gentleman obligingly complied. As soon as she saw the fight fairly begun she chuckled gayly and skipped away. The man knocked down was her husband.

—Prof. Joseph H. Clarke, the preceptor of the poet Edgar Allen Poe, is living in Baltimore at the age of eighty-nine years. He was born in 1790, and began to teach school in 1809. He says that he remembers well when young Poe became his pupil, in Richmond, about the year 1823, and describes him as "a boy with very pretty eyes and hair and rather an effeminate face."

—Hawesville, Ky., brags of a man who doesn't care for dogs at all when he's sober, but when he's drunk has a mania to own all the dogs in the country. He will ask a neighbor to give him his dog. If he wont give it, the man tries to buy it; if the other won't sell it, the first steals it. He has thus been known to collect 150 dogs in a week's spree and feed them liberally till he gets sober.

—Mrs. W. L. Bullock, wife of a railroad fireman, went to a neighboring house at Houston, Texas, and called out Julia Seals, a handsome servant girl, and accused her of receiving the attentions of Mr. Bullock. Perceiving her wedding ring on the girl's finger, she drew a pistol and fired, the ball breaking Miss Seal's jawbone, and causing an ugly and painful but not mortal wound. Mrs. Bullock was arrested and gave bond.

—A few days ago half a dozen prisoners escaped from jail at Floresville, Tex., and were thought to have left the county, but a Mr. Baldwin, who lives near that place, while out driving with his wife met one of the escaped prisoners on the highway, leaped from his wagon and collared him. Mrs. Baldwin, while controlling the team with one hand, took a pistol in the other and pointing it at the negro ordered him to surrender to her husband, which he did at once.

—The exodus, we observe upon good Radical testimony, has collapsed. Bulldozing has stopped in the Mississippi Valley; a negro man and his wife can earn from $5 to $6 a day picking cotton, and "almost every black man on the west side of the river who stayed at home has cotton enough to pay all his debts and have a good sum of money left." Precisely how this can be if what these Radical papers have been telling us all summer is true, we cannot see. May be, though, they were lying?

—While a resident of Anaheim, Cal., was walking in one of the orange groves of Los Angelos the other day he saw on one of the limbs of one of the trees what looked like a ripe orange. He plucked it, but found that instead of an orange it was nine yellow bats clinging together, heads downward. They were in a semi-dormant state and the spherical form into which they had crowded themselves and their color made them look exactly like a ripe orange to a careless observer.

—A steam canal-boat is now in course of construction, and is to be put on the Lehigh and Delaware canal. The craft is to be entirely of iron, except the cross beams and deck. It will be eighty-eight feet in length, ten feet seven inches in breadth and will be propelled by a ten-horse power steam engine with a screw wheel. It is said that, by a new invention to be applied to the screw, there will be but little agitation to the waters, and the washing out of the banks will consequently be avoided. The boat will have a carrying capacity of 155 tons of coal when drawing five feet of water. Her works satisfactorily a number of them will be constructed.

—Hannah Dustin lives in colonial history as the heroine of Contoocook Island. She was a native of Haverhill, Mass., and stands prominent in the book annals for her bold and daring act in the slaying of her murderous captors at Contoocook and her escape—"an act unsurpassed in intrepidity and heroism in any age of the world." Thro' the munificence of E. J. N. Hale the citizens of Haverhill have just been enabled to unveil a monument and statue to Hannah Dustin's memory. The statue cost about $1000. It stands with one foot shoeless, just as history represents her when taken captive. There are four bas-relief tablets, representing incidents in the history of the tragic affair.

—If Catholics, Episcopalians and others, remarks the Pittsburgh *Post*, cannot have the privilege of paying their share of the taxes to sustain the public schools and maintaining parochial schools of their own, for any reason which to them is satisfactory, where is all our boasted freedom? The efforts of the *Gazette*, and other bigoted journals, to arouse hostility to Catholics on this question will fail, as the system is protected by the organic law, and it is beyond the power of any body of men to interfere with its revenue from the State, which seems to be the important and sensitive feature, but when it is asserted that a parent shall not have the privilege of sending his child to any school he pleases, then indeed has the strong government arrived—which the Republicans so much desire.

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THE GREAT DRY GOODS AND OUTFITTING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA,

COVERING THE BLOCK FROM THIRTEENTH STREET TO NEW CITY HALL, AND FROM CHESTNUT STREET, THROUGH ENTRANCE, EXTENDING TO MARKET STREET.

The Space Occupied on Ground Floor is 95,250 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Galleries is 36,805 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Basement is 45,870 Feet.
Giving a Grand Total of 179,025 Square Feet, amounting to 4 11-100 Acres, all in active use in Retailing DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Formal Opening
—OF THE—
REFITTED AND ENLARGED HOUSE
IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT!

Though our vast premises seemed abundantly large for our business, yet the wonderful increase of the past year made it necessary to provide additional accommodations. Spacious Galleries, of easy access, commanding fine views of the busy place, have been erected to afford required room. Other changes have been made that will give comfort to the thousands who like the Grand Depot and approve of its methods of business.

The Millinery, Upholstery, House Supply and China Departments are greatly enlarged.

A new and comfortable Ladies' Room has been provided, where those who buy at the various counters and desire to pay for all at one time, can get the goods and make payments without delay.

The New Stations to Receive Cash, and the Electric Bells to call Cash Boys, will prevent delays in making change. We are confident that the time taken is not any more than is requisite to conduct business by a safe system to sell cheaply.

We mean to meet every expressed wish of our customers, if in our power, both in the stock on sale and in the conveniences of the establishment. None but Courteous Clerks and Experienced Heads of Departments shall hold places in the Grand Depot, if we know it. By truly serving our customers we hope to prove the value of the plans we have fixed upon that have only as yet been partially developed. Without disparaging others we propose to attend strictly to developing the business of the Grand Depot.

The first markets in the world, the places where goods are produced, are being visited by our buyers, who are expected. Without intermediate profits we will transfer the goods to our counters and give them to our customers with one fair profit.

Our relations with foreign houses are now being rapidly perfected.

No subterfuges will be permitted in selling goods. The customers who buy of us will buy fairly, and, even after they have bought, may return the goods if they desire, though the article be a silk velvet cloak pattern or a satin dress pattern. We mean to deal liberally with our customers, because they deal liberally with us. We will trust our customers to do right by us, and ask them to trust us to do right by them. When we fail to do this, we ask that it may be pointed out.

THERE ARE NOW FORTY DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.
A.—SILKS AND VELVETS.
Located in front of the Chestnut Street Entrance, with excellent light, a full stock of about $100,000 on hand, all the best staple makes of Black and Colored Silks, with the choicest and scarcest novelties.
To be reliable in this class of goods is a very difficult thing, as there is such an adulteration in silk materials, but we guarantee all that we sell. A dark room is adjacent to show colors by gaslight.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 2.
B.—BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.
Directly across the aisle from Silks is the large and splendid Department. We are building up a reputation for long-wearing fabrics in Black Goods. Those who, from choice or otherwise, wear black will be astonished at the assortment kept and the moderation of prices. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 3.
C.—DRESS GOODS.
Eleven entire counters are devoted to these goods, making 646 lineal feet solely for the sale of Ladies' Dress Goods. This would make one counter, if put in line, that would stretch along Chestnut street from Fifth to Sixth street, the entire length of the State House square, and from the *Ledger* Building half-way to the *Press* Building, 1½ squares long. Of course there is a stock of Dress Goods from $8 per yard to 5 cents per yard, and oftentimes the prices are from 5 to 25 per cent. less than is asked elsewhere. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 4.
D.—GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
In the first place we have 430 sewing machines running on Gentlemen's and Boys' Shirts alone. Then we have Underwear, Collars and Cuffs, Suspenders, Knit Jackets, in fact all the little things a gentleman needs for his toilet.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 5.
E.—CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND COATINGS.
This is an excellent section for Ladies, because we buy so largely of Woolen Goods in the Clothing Department that we can retail as low as any of the wholesale stores sell; besides our long experience gives us knowledge of the wearing qualities of goods. We sell no article simply because it will sell. A piece of goods must be intrinsically good. Ladies' Sacques and goods for Little Children's Clothes in great variety. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 6.
F.—NOTIONS, SMALL WARES, SUCH AS SEWING SILKS, BRAIDS, &c.
This would seem like an unimportant Department, but the fine assortment we keep requires 26 young ladies all the time to wait on customers.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 7.
F. F.—HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
On the lower gallery, entered by broad stairs at Juniper or Broad street entrance, is the vast assortment of supplies that delight housekeepers—everything wanted for kitchen service or housekeeping from the finest to medium goods, at hand.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 8.
LADIES' COMBS, FANS, ORNAMENTS, &c.
This counter is filled with little knick-knacks suitable for presents. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 9.
G.—LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, &c.
In this department we excel. The class of goods selected by our buyer, who goes abroad twice a year to get goods direct from the Irish manufacturers, has popularized this department. All kinds of Housekeeping Dry Goods of reliable makes in immense assortment at reasonable and proper prices. Our makes of Linens are absolutely reliable. We make a spec

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - DEC. 5, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Christmas will fall on a Thursday this year.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3.-1y.]

—The retail price of butter here is twenty cents a pound.

—If you want good goods, go to McDonald & Co.'s, Loretto.

—If you want cheap goods, go to McDonald & Co.'s, Loretto.

—A new German Reform church is to be built in Johnstown.

—This time last year there was a foot of snow on the ground where now is a foot of mud.

—Kindling wood will be received by the Freeman as cash subscription account if brought soon.

—A new stock of dry goods, groceries, &c., has just been received by M. J. Teitelbaum, Loretto.

—Mr. Sam Lynch, foreman of the Johnstown *Tribune*, did credit to the position of foreman of the jury this week.

—We are rejoiced to know that Mr. Morris Davis, of Cambria township, who was sick, is in a fair way to recover.

—Mr. George N. Anderson is the name of a new despatcher at the Altoona P. R. R. office. Mr. J. H. Sands, resigned.

—The Altoona *Sun* says it understands there are three applicants for every job of work to be given out in the shops in that city.

—Is there a man with soul so dead" who has suffered the miseries of a cough or cold, and neglected to try "Sellers' Cough Syrup"? If you cannot take the baby to the country, let Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for the usual troubles of early childhood. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—Mr. Ed. Mountney, of Altoona, has been discharged from bankruptcy by the United States District Court now sitting at Pittsburg.

—M. J. Teitelbaum, Loretto, has received this week a new stock of ladies' coats and misses' overcoats. They are both nice and cheap.

—Mr. Jas. F. Campbell, sr., of the Johnstown *Times*, did us the honor of a call last Tuesday. He and his paper are both ever welcome.

—The enterprising firm of Hay Brothers, Johnstown, last Friday advertised to the extent of two full pages in the *Tribune* of that place.

—Our Philadelphia letter came too late for publication this week. It treats on the subject of "Parties at a Palace of Fashion," and will be used to fill our next issue.

—There was a general increase of ten per cent. in the wages of the employes of the Cambria Iron Works, Johnstown, beginning in the first day of November last.

—New goods, cargoes and cargoes of them, received at M. J. Teitelbaum's store, St. Augustine. Go and see them. You will find the price-list remarkably liberal.

—Mr. Ed. Kittell, of this place, has been appointed clerk for the Wm. M. Lloyd bankrupt assignees, with headquarters at present in Altoona. He can fill the bill satisfactorily.

—Messrs. Arthur Chambers, Billy Edwards, et al., of the shoulder-hitting fraternity, are billed to give a sparring exhibition in the Opera House, Altoona, on the 13th inst. Police!

—Father Edmund, for the past three years officiating clergyman at Carrolltown and St. Lawrence, this county will hereafter have charge of the Catholic congregation at St. Mary, Elk county.

—A Hollidaysburg correspondent says that a snake was killed last Sunday in the Presbyterian cemetery of that place whilst it was evidently undertaking to enjoy the last rays of a November sun.

—The Altoona *Tribune* says that from hints thrown out, the employes of the Pennsylvania Coal Company anticipate a reduction of the last January per cent. reduction on the 1st of January next.

—Miss Mary Long, of Shirleysburg, widow of Hon. John Long, aged 82 and Mrs. Ruth Wright, of Cassville, widow of Dr. Jesse Wright, aged 91 years, died in Huntingdon county on the 21st ultimo.

—We print to-day a couple of new advertisements for the well-known Duff's College of Pittsburgh, Pa. The reader is recommended to run over our columns till he comes to the same, and then to turn down a leaf and make a note on't.

—According to the Pittsburgh *Critic*—"Mr. Fisher, editor of the Ebensburg *Fame*, is an ass. He has gone into a battle and got thumped and have your name spelled wrong in the official bulletin afterward.

—A bite from a rattlesnake is sometimes of less dangerous than a severe cough or cold. A well merited reputation has Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and this remedy is sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

—The Wilmore and Summerhill delegation of jurors, parties and witnesses to Court this week, comprising Messrs. Doran, Skelly, Seslig, not others, are a constituency we always delight to welcome to our midst.

—Mr. W. A. Stone has been appointed by the Judges of Cambria County, examiner and master in the matter of Messrs. J. Murray and William M. Jones, assignees of Wm. M. Lloyd, vs. S. C. Baker et. al.

—Our friend Mr. "Lon" Rodgers has recently joined in the silken bonds of matrimony to the lady of his choice, Miss Emma Hall, of this place. In the language of the old marriage ship, "May they live long, and prosper."

—McDonald & Co., Loretto, do not speculate about their Cheap Little Store, but in the same, they can and will show to persons willing to know that they sell as cheap, if not lower, than any man who calls their place a home.

—The Blair County Teachers' Institute was held in Hollidaysburg, and the talent of that place proposes to diversify the monotony of things down there by printing a weekly record of proceedings so long as anything lasts.

—Mr. Wm. P. Farrey will be editor of the Daily Sun of Altoona; Mr. George J. Kittell, of the newspaper department, and Mr. C. N. Barclay foreman of the job room. The name of the local editor of the *Sun* we forget.

—Our genial friend Mr. Don Byron Gibson, representative of the extensive tea house of J. Martin, New York and Pittsburgh, was in town this week. As usual, he was in town in business, and satisfaction will be given he says.

—The Hurtingdon *Globe* informs us that the much-talked-of shooting match for the championship of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties, which was to have come off in that place on Thanksgiving day, was a failure. The entries were few, and the match fizzled out. Messrs. Warner and Kelly, however, gave some exhibition of their skill with immense guns which an observer termed a small sized cannon. They used a rest, peeped through globe sights and struck the ball's eye almost every time at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says: "Mr. Timothy Murphy, of Franklin Borough, who is about twenty-eight years of age, is lying seriously ill with consumption at his home in that place. For some time past he had been residing at St. Augustine, this county, but recently removed to the former village. He is a step-brother of Lawyer Buckley, of Altoona." Lawyer Buckley, by the way, who was a law student with E. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of this place, has decided to cut loose from Altoona and go to New Jersey to live. We hope good luck will adventure along with him.

—Frank Goughnour, formerly of East Conemaugh, was engaged in hunking on a freight train on the Saniory & Lewistown railroad, and on Wednesday night he was coupling two cars which contained lumber. The ends of the timber projected some distance beyond the platform of the cars, and, failing to notice this, his head was caught and crushed between two of the pieces. He fell to the track, and as the front section of the train was still being backed up, both his legs, which rested on the rail, were cut off. Almost instant death resulted. The remains were brought back and interred on Sunday.

—On Monday afternoon last, between three and four o'clock, the house of Mr. William Hopfell, in the Big Valley, about two and a half miles below Allenville, Huntingdon county, was totally destroyed by fire, and his two small children perished in the flames. Mrs. Bordell had gone to a near neighbor's, leaving them in the house, and while there saw her house on fire. Before she could get home the house was a burning mass, and the children could not be rescued. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed the children got to playing with the fire in the stove, and thus set fire to the house.

—The business year of the Cambria County Mutual Fire Insurance Company will arrive at a conclusion next January, when, as will be fully shown forth by the report of Secretary and Treasurer T. W. Dick, Esq., the affairs of the Company will appear in a most favorable light. The number of policies issued is greatly in excess of the number of other years, and, generally, the financial condition of the Company will be found to be all that the most ardent aspirations of either insured or insurer could hope for. The Cambria is one of the few solid fire insurance companies, and as such we commend it to the public.

—We are glad to learn that Esquire Condon, of Summitville, who was a couple of weeks ago stricken by apoplexy is in a fair way of recovery. The Esquire is one of the few citizens which Cambria county, cannot afford to lose at this time.

—The Altoona *Sun* of Saturday last says that the artesian well being sunk in that city is down 1,650 feet, and that strong indications of oil are observable. It would be strange, indeed, if oil and not water in the end greeted the drill. But we imagine the Altoonians would accept the one for the other and not greatly grumble.

—Mr. William H. Connell, of Ebensburg, has been appointed a member of the board of County Auditors, in place of Mr. George B. Stineman, of Summerhill, elected in 1878 and incapacitated by reason of a provision of the Constitution of the State which prohibits the holding of the office as aforesaid and that of postmaster at one and the same time. Mr. Connell is a clever fellow, and if there is any order to be brought out of chaos, he can fetch the answer.

—We had Federmyer with his trans-continental wheelbarrow last summer, and now we hear that Mr. Lyman Potter is coming this way with a like vehicular contrivance. The walk starts from the Tuscarora about a year ago, like two blobs as they are, to tramp it across the continent, and we are sorry to say that no outbreak occurred in any Indian reservation during the passage thro' it of either. Mr. Potter is about three months behind his schedule time.

—Who shall be the Johnstown Sheriff? Some say Conroy, Kingdon and yet others say John Tibbott. We take the present occasion to indicate our idea that Kinkead is the coming man. Who shall be jailor? Some say Lem. Davis, and then again the names of Evan Griffith, John (Campbell) Jones, and William Connell are mentioned in that connection. We humbly suggest Lem. Davis has the pole. Who shall be turnkey? If not John Hughenbobbler, then—what?

—During the delivery of an opinion by the Court on Wednesday last, and at an impressive part of the proceedings, a Cambria township farmer, famed for the possession of the most remarkable pair of whiskers, produced a sensation by ejaculating "Amen!" in no minor key. His boner called the offender before him, and, discovering that he was grossly intoxicated, ordered him confined in jail till such time as he should be pronounced sober by the sheriff.

—Mr. Peter B. Mover, of Washington township, visited Ebensburg on Monday, that last spring he set out sixty tobacco plants which he got from Mr. Henry Hughes, of Summitville, who had procured a quantity of the plants from Lancaster county, and that six of the leaves taken by him, (Moyer) from the main stem measured 20 feet and 9 inches in length, and the remaining 204 inches to each leaf. He used the tobacco himself and says it was of a good quality.

—While in the act of stepping out of the door of his store, High street, on Wednesday afternoon, Major John Thompson was visited by something after the nature of an apoplectic stroke and fell senseless. Medical skill was summoned, and, after the administration of the proper remedies, consciousness was speedily restored to the sufferer. The Major is one of our most esteemed citizens, and we trust it may be long before he is again stricken down by the hand of disease.

—The Altoona *Call* has the following to say of a young lady well and favorably known in this neighborhood: "Miss Alice Wisegarver, the handsome and popular saleslady in the dry goods house of Wm. Murray, was so fortunate Tuesday as to hold the winning number in the chancing off of a clock at Theo. Myers' store. The attempt of three limbs of the law to monopolize the whole affair proved a signal failure. You can chew your gum, gentlemen, but bear in mind that monopolies will not win in this country."

—The Hurtingdon *Globe* informs us that the much-talked-of shooting match for the championship of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties, which was to have come off in that place on Thanksgiving day, was a failure. The entries were few, and the match fizzled out. Messrs. Warner and Kelly, however, gave some exhibition of their skill with immense guns which an observer termed a small sized cannon. They used a rest, peeped through globe sights and struck the ball's eye almost every time at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says: "Mr. Timothy Murphy, of Franklin Borough, who is about twenty-eight years of age, is lying seriously ill with consumption at his home in that place. For some time past he had been residing at St. Augustine, this county, but recently removed to the former village. He is a step-brother of Lawyer Buckley, of Altoona." Lawyer Buckley, by the way, who was a law student with E. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of this place, has decided to cut loose from Altoona and go to New Jersey to live. We hope good luck will adventure along with him.

—Frank Goughnour, formerly of East Conemaugh, was engaged in hunking on a freight train on the Saniory & Lewistown railroad, and on Wednesday night he was coupling two cars which contained lumber. The ends of the timber projected some distance beyond the platform of the cars, and, failing to notice this, his head was caught and crushed between two of the pieces. He fell to the track, and as the front section of the train was still being backed up, both his legs, which rested on the rail, were cut off. Almost instant death resulted. The remains were brought back and interred on Sunday.

—On Monday afternoon last, between three and four o'clock, the house of Mr. William Hopfell, in the Big Valley, about two and a half miles below Allenville, Huntingdon county, was totally destroyed by fire, and his two small children perished in the flames. Mrs. Bordell had gone to a near neighbor's, leaving them in the house, and while there saw her house on fire. Before she could get home the house was a burning mass, and the children could not be rescued. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed the children got to playing with the fire in the stove, and thus set fire to the house.

—The business year of the Cambria County Mutual Fire Insurance Company will arrive at a conclusion next January, when, as will be fully shown forth by the report of Secretary and Treasurer T. W. Dick, Esq., the affairs of the Company will appear in a most favorable light. The number of policies issued is greatly in excess of the number of other years, and, generally, the financial condition of the Company will be found to be all that the most ardent aspirations of either insured or insurer could hope for. The Cambria is one of the few solid fire insurance companies, and as such we commend it to the public.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Court met in regular session at 11 o'clock Monday morning, his honor Judge Dean presiding, assisted by Associates Flanagan and Thomas. The list of Grand Jurors was called, and C. T. Roberts, esq., of Ebensburg, was appointed foreman thereof. The usual returns of Constables were received, and motions, petitions, etc., listened to.

After dinner, the case of the Commonwealth against Peter Brown was taken up. The case hails from Loretto, where is an educational institution know as St. Francis College. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that certain of the students of the College were in the not infrequent habit of visiting Mr. Brown's hostelrie at unseasonable hours and getting drunk, the students as aforesaid being infants in the eye of the law. Mr. Brown, the defendant, was returned on the Constable's warrant as "not taken," but his wife put in an appearance for him. Father Ward was the prosecutor, and his evidence, corroborated by the evidence of other Reverend gentlemen connected with the College, as well by the testimony of the bibulous students themselves, left no doubt in the minds of the jury of the guilt of the accused. Mr. Brown, when captured, will be required to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

Florain Bengele, of Loretto, was charged with a precisely similar infraction of the law with the forgoing stated case, as also was Andrew J. Christy and George C. Broon, of the same borough. The Faculty of St. Francis College were the prosecutors. No difficulty was experienced in arriving at a verdict of guilty.

Messrs. Bengele, Christy and Broon will be sentenced next Monday.

TUESDAY MORNING.

John A. Stemmer was charged with selling liquor on Sunday, John Andrews being the prosecutor. The verdict of the jury was not guilty, and that the defendant pay the costs.

Maggie Davidson was adjudged by a jury to be guilty of burglary and larceny, and on the same charge, Maggie Varley plead guilty and submitted. Four similar indictments against the last-mentioned defendant were held over for the present by the District Attorney.

Elizabeth Leiberger, charged with burglary and larceny, was found not guilty.

AFTERNOON.

James Quinn plead guilty to the charge of larceny, two dollars being the sum involved.

Com'th vs. John Carner, fornix et cet. The defendant gives bail in the sum of $500 to appear at the next session of Court to answer.

Com'th vs. John Maynard, James Kelly, James L. Russell and John Collins—burglary and larceny. These are the parties charged with having recently entered a clothing store in Johnstown and carried away a quantity of plunder. Maynard plead guilty. As to the others, a verdict of guilty was rendered by a jury against Kelly.

The Grand Jury finished their work at the hour of 5 o'clock, and were thanked by the Court for the promptitude they had shown in the despatch of business. The following presentment with regard to the public buildings was made:

To the Honorable the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county: We, the Grand Jury, sitting for Cambria county, respectfully present the Court House as utterly and entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the people of the county, and hereby condemn the same.

C. T. ROBERTS, Foreman.

Ebensburg, Dec. 2, 1879.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Com'th vs. Daniel A. Glass, White township, adultery, George Troxell prosecutor. The woman in the case is by name Rebecca Lloyd, and is only 14 years of age. Verdict not guilty, and the prosecutor to pay the costs. This case ran to Wednesday at noon. The costs of the case will run up to $150, and Mr. Troxell, the prosecutor, has gone to jail in preference to paying the bill.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Com'th vs. Thomas Kennedy, larceny. Verdict guilty. Motion made for a new trial.

Com'th vs. Francis O'Brien and James Brady, obstructing the Ebensburg branch railroad at Munster station on Halloween by placing a hand-car on the track. Verdict not guilty, but that the costs.

Com'th, William Custer, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for the term of three months.

EVENING SESSION.

Com'th vs. Thomas McKernon, a Justice of the Peace, charged with having taken illegal fees. The verdict of the jury was not guilty, but that the Squire pay the costs.

Andy Trooper, surety of the peace, did to appear and his recognizance was forfeited.

George Bradley plead guilty to fornix et cet, and received the usual sentence.

Timothy Crimmins, surety of the peace, forfeited his recognizance.

Leonard Farabaugh, surety of the peace. Case dismissed, each of the parties to the suit to pay his own costs.

Michael Broderick, surety of the peace, plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs of prosecution and enter into a recognizance in the sum of $100 to keep the peace, etc.

Com'th vs. Andrew Hang, selling liquor on election day. Case postponed to next term, the witnesses for the prosecution having absconded.

Court adjourned for the week at 10 o'clock.

SANDALINE has become a familiar name all over the world. It is a talisman of hope and life to the sick, the afflicted and the despairing. It is the greatest remedy ever discovered, and has healed thousands of the most stubborn and long-seated diseases of the liver, kidneys, blood, skin, genital organs and nervous system. Where physicians, drugs and medicines utterly failed, Sandaline permanently cured. Over one hundred thousand cases of cures are on record in the European and Eastern cities and hospitals. Its progress in America has been marvelous, and exceeds anything in the annals of medical science. It is sold and used in all the States and Territories, and the demand has increased at a rate that required extraordinary arrangements to supply. Scientific and medical authorities of the greatest eminence recommended it. Multitudes that have been cured of various diseases gratefully testify in its favor. Sandaline Hair Lotion unrivaled gentle cathartic and tonic. Sandaline Lotion is the best liniment, wash and injection in the world. Sandaline Hair Life is unequalled to make the hair grow soft and glossy, and prevent baldness. Sandaline Cologne is the most exquisite perfume ever discovered. All the Sandaline preparations are incomparatively superlative. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist. Dr. Gonnod's great medical work, full of interest, over 200 pages. Price $1. Send for it. Parlor and consultation offices, No. 5 West 14th street, New York.

WE were exposed last week to a pitiless storm that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our persons all over. In fact we took a cracking cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet into hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take, and did the job. We slept soundly through the night and awoke well this morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Tehuacana (Texas) Presbyterian.*

FEEBLE LADIES.—Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continued strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularity and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

Their gay-plumed host, whose gorgeous, fan-like tail
Doth fit around the barnyard like a weaver's veil,
Whose warning squawk is heard on pleasant days and murky,
We think of thee, and how we long to eat thee, lovely turkey!

The foregoing poetic gem is possibly a trifle late, Thanksgiving being now a memory gone. But surely is not too late to say that if you would to buy a suit of ready-made clothing at approved prices, the place you are looking for is Simon's. Read his advertisement, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona. They will give you satisfaction down to the minutest particular.

Fan in the forest a fountain is leaping,
Bubbling and clear in its pebble-strewn cup;
Fresh the draught quaffed from its mossy recesses,
Down to the waters that never dry up.

"Dry up!" These be ominous words. But we must have our say, if it takes down to the middle of next week. The footsteps of the early comers are withered, and what a person wants now is a suit of comfortable clothing. Where can you buy such a suit to the best advantage? you ask. We answer: At Gotlieb Wolff's, opposite the postoffice, Altoona. He sells none but the best he sells for cash, and he sells cheap. Try him.

WANTED.—Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of $100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above. [11-21.-1y.]

[Not entered, etc. All rights reserved.]

SKETCHES

PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

FOURTEENTH PAPER.

There was another noted hunter of these parts whom we have not yet mentioned—namely, Ignatius Adams. Ignatius was a compeer for the renowned Asheraat in the hunting line, and many a nimble and natural brush fell before his unerring rifle, not to mention the furry and savage brutes, lurking panthers, wolves and raccoons which succumbed to his venatic skill. On one occasion while "up" was out on a hunting expedition he ran across a huge rattlesnake which he captured. The reptile was effected by means of a noose of leatherwood which the wily hunter somehow or other slipped over the head of the buzzing and vicious reptile, after the manner of the Gauchos of Buenos Ayres with the wild bulls of the pampas. The ingenious Ignatius then procured a wooden bucket, and perforated the bottom of the same with an aperture sufficiently ample to give egress to the snake's head. The body of the venomous critter completely filled its wooden vehicle and the play of its head through the hole in the bottom made up for the restriction of its body. The hunter, in a jolly mood, carried his formidable pet all over the Summit on exhibition, causing a precipitate flight at the fair sex wherever he appeared. At last, while Ignatius was partaking of refreshments, one lady, somewhat bolder than the rest, attacked the active rattler through the port-hole with a kettle of boiling water—the daughter of Eve most certainly demolishing the head of the serpent. This summary and feminine procedure put a sudden stop to the show, and the disconsolate hunter sadly departed with his empty bucket. Matthew Adams, son of the above-mentioned pioneer hunter, was the former owner of the present site of Creason and vicinity.

I omitted to mention that this same Ignatius Adams reached the uncommon age of one hundred years and upwards. Through the rough and varied scenes of a pioneer life; through the heat of summer and the rigors of winter; through hunger, fatigue and exposure; wading the deep drifts of January, and out to the intense heat of the forest or the chill damps of the valleys; through all this, the iron frame of the bold hunter succumbed not unless at over a hundred years. Such a man was not very apt to be squeamish about his manner of living, nor was tobacco unknown to his pocket, for, despite these signs of vitality and all the rigors of a frontier life, this man stepped from the carnally scene after having descended the annual chair thirty times, nearer the verge of the eternal than many generations of late generations. Many of the pioneers of this region were remarkable for their manly proportions and muscular vigor—and, strange and possible, during court week, at reviews and other public gatherings, the young men were wont to strive for the championship at leaping, running, wrestling, etc. John Dunning and John Scanlan were distinguished contestants in those vigor-inducing games, coming out first best in many a well-contested struggle, like the crowned heroes at the Olympian games.

The pastime of leaping, wrestling, boxing, throwing the quoit, running, horse-racing and shooting at a mark, were as much in vogue in Greece, as were also contests in poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts. Greece was a renowned and thrifting nation in those days, and her games and pastimes no doubt originated in the development this prosperity and renown. Without question these doings would keep alive the animation and emulation of the people to a healthy extent, not allowing the spirit of the nation to die down into apathy and stagnation. Holidays in any country are a good thing, for they raise up the spirits of the people now and then to time, lifting many a sinking soul from the "slough of despond" to set them on the firm ground of joyful life once more. Or they bring spots of verdure to view, like to the oases in the sandy deserts of every-day life, refreshing the weary pilgrim with their verdure, music and luscious fruits. Look at the joy of childhood at the merry Christmas tide. Their eyes sparkle like the trinkets and shining fruit of the anticipating evergreen, and know it is more by expecting than happiness. What a zest, too, the noisy and uproarious celebration of the "Fourth" imparts to the healthy and buoyant young American, who looks forward long beforehand and joyously awaiting the spirit-rousing anniversary. Then there is the quiet Thanksgiving Day with its reunions and its feasts, and the solemn Sabbath. The assembling of the different members from the four quarters of the land in the old homestead, hallowed by the sunny memories of youth refreshed by the presence of the parents, who are now in the bleak storms of winter. Hallow Eve!—what an auspicious time for the venting of the sparkling spirit of fun and frolic, and the reasonless flutter under the order of the joyous night. Sign boards are changed in the most ludicrous manner making saddlers of milliners, and blacksmiths of doctors, the tailor's goose is made to do duty in the parlor as the Peace, and a lawyer takes in white washing. The farmer looks in vain in the morning for his carriage, till he "smells a mouse," when, lo! he beholds the missing vehicle on the summit of the barn, high and airy, like the ear of Phoebus, glinting in the rays of the morning sun.

It makes a jolly time at school among the boys and girls to have a jolly treat about Christmas. In the early days of Munster, the "big boys" used to pelt on the master a good dog of that proscribed and fiery spirit which some of the residents found in Old Nye. With the aid of a steaming gantle of boiling water, hanging all ready over the fire, and in the neighborhood of the "Indian Garden," when the evening twilight darkened down, the scholars would see innumerable lights flitting hand among the trees. Those lights were neither fire-flies nor bona fide flames, for no sign of fire could be traced in the morning where the night before the shimmering and crepitating haze was the most prominent. On one occasion, the master was observed to twinkle and scintillate through the gloom of night, after the fashion of a Christmas tree of the present day, and on the following day the insistent jabber of Indian tongues squeaked and grunted in ghastly conversation. The place was reconnoitered in the morning, but no sign of fire or human habitation was visible.

On another occasion, on this same Indian haunted ground, as the wife of an early settler stood in the twilight looking out of the four-paned window waiting for the return of the husband to come home to supper, the door swung slowly open, and the trembling observer experienced a sensation as though an Indian tomahawk were buried in her brain. Now the wonder consisted in the fact that the heavy, weighty door should open at all without being noised, as the bottom always creaked heavily on the floor, taking quite an effort to open it. At another time, in the same locality, while several of the women-folks were sitting around a frame, quilting by candle-light, the candle was mysteriously blown out in their very midst.

In the next paper I propose to narrate a few more of these "weird stories of the mountains."

LORETTO, Nov. 29th, 1879. A. D. 17.

A Mother's Grief.

The pride of a mother, the light and joy of home, are her children. Hence her grief when sickness enters her household. When Croup, Colds, or Whooping Cough, with their hoarse, ringing cough, or Bronchitis, with labored breath, threatens, that you are running to and fro for help, is natural. But why not at once use SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE and relieve your little one? It will break up a cold in one night. For Lame Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price, 25 cts. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Druggist, Ebensburg. [9-19.—e.o.w.6m.]

"The Best I Ever Knew Of."

J. G. Stacey, a prominent and influential citizen of Iowa City, writes: "I have had the Dyspepsia for several years, and have tried every remedy I could hear of, without any relief whatever, until I saw your Shiloh's Vitalizer advertised in our paper, and was persuaded to try it. I am happy to state that it has entirely cured me. It is certainly the best remedy I ever knew of." Price, 75 cents. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Druggist, Ebensburg. [9-19.—e.o.w.6m.]

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvellous Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Inhaler, and treatment. No more successful treatment of the complaint, without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Ebensburg.

PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.'S

Gives Better than gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Any dairyman or merchant, not handling our wheel tools, write us. Sample, with full directions, sent free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To any one who subscribes now, and sends us $1.75, we will send the Companion free to January 1st, 1880, and give a full year's subscription from that date.

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It aims to be a favorite in every family—looked for eagerly by the young folks, and read with interest by the older. Its purpose is to interest while it amuses; to be judicious, practical, sensible, and to have really permanent worth, while it attracts for the hour.

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Editorials on Current Events, Two Hundred Short Stories, Valuable Papers on Health, Anecdotes and Incidents.

Subscription Price, $1 75. Specimen copies sent free. Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement. Address YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THAT SCHOOL HOUSE.

PORTAGE TWP., NOV. 24, 1879.

EDITOR FREEMAN—And now, J. T. Long, from away down to Summerhill, steps to the front and undertakes the Herculean task of defending the School Board of this township, as well as himself. It might have been just as well for J. T. Long to have kept his feathers down until he was attacked, but as he voluntarily "nebs into" a controversy which does not concern him, he would probably think himself slighted if he was permitted to pass unnoticed.

J. T. Long humbly craves access to your columns "to contradict untruths presented to the tax-payers of Portage township by and with regard to the building of a school house," &c. Now, we were perfectly willing that J. F. Long should enjoy his *fat little take*, at the expense of the tax-payers of our township, but the very least we would expect of him would be that he would enjoy it, and be silent on the subject—at least until he was attacked. We don't blame J. F. Long for doing the very best he could on a small contract, but we do blame him for "shooting off his mouth" about it until called upon for his testimony. Perhaps, however, prospective contracts have something to do with exciting his zeal in behalf of his extremely liberal patrons. Had the proposition to build a school house similar to the one in question, and wait two years for the pay, anything else do you think J. T. Long would put into print? Any business man would do the same thing.

But, Mr. Long says the walls were, according to specifications, to be of two-inch plank, doubled with inch boards. I can prove it false. It may have been a private agreement between Mr. Long and his employers, but not specified.

He says he got the specifications "improved" with regard to the joists. Of course, he did! And if he had said it—if they were improved—through the place; he would have only said the truth. "Improbably in all probability" it was a previously understood arrangement.

Mr. Long says he ordered the lumber from first-class dealers, (no doubt of it,) and paid for it as first-class. Now, we will wager two bushels of first-class buckwheat cakes that he bought no such thing, and that, moreover, he will not undertake to do so.

Mr. Long wants to know if any body meant to say that it wasn't responsible? Not a bit of it! Nobody ever thought of the like. We knew you were good for the job; we knew your bond would make you good, if you were "good without it," and we knew that you were just as good without a bond as with it—and so would be the poorest man in the State, as the article of agreement itself would make you good, for before you got a cent to do the work before he would receive the pay.

This blowing about bonds, and such like is all bosh, and Mr. Long knows it. A person can be a good School Director or a contractor, as long as he behaves himself.

I agree with you, Mr. Editor, that this subject has been pretty thoroughly ventilated, and I am perfectly willing to drop it, answering, however, that I have made no charge in the premises that I would not expound and defend.

I do not wish to be called "Hawkshear"—as I am only a

INVESTIGATOR.

NORTHERN NEWS.

CRIMEVILLE, Dec. 2, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN—There has been several deaths in this vicinity within the past week. On Saturday night, Joseph Doughlass, son of Wm. Doughlass, died of typhoid fever. He resided in Jackson township, Indiana county. The same night in Green township, Indiana county, Bertha, daughter of Martin and Isabella Roedy, died of typhoid fever. On Monday or Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Drake, wife of Col. Drake, Green township, near Gettysburg, Indiana county, died of consumption. She leaves a husband and two babes about three weeks old, twins.

There are several cases of diphtheria in and about Cherrytree.

On Friday last, about one o'clock p. m., Charlie B. King, of this place met with a sad accident, having his left leg broken, the ankle joint being badly crushed by a falling tree. The tree while making fast timber, two miles south of this place, on the lands of Wm. Stiffler, in Indiana county, Jno. Hosack and Bradley dressed the timber, and Murphy is letting it down with a cant hook in the proper direction, but owing very much, and the chances are that he will have a stiff joint.

On Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, three persons entered the house of Mr. Andrew Freely, living just outside the borough limits, representing themselves to be officers of the law, in search of Bradley Shelica, who had killed a man named Ash at the Flat, this county, on that day. Mr. F. permitted them to search his house, when they retired, seemingly satisfied, which no doubt they were, as the sequel proves. On Monday, two days later, some of the family discovered a trunk near the barn, which proved to be Mr. F.'s, broken open and robbed of $20 and 50 cents. Nothing missing. Mr. F. is a German and says, "I did not think they would be so dishonest."

J. O. C.

CONNUBIAL BLISS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 29, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our young and enterprising friend James Gormally was married to-day to Miss Maggie Wiest, one of Cherrytree's most amiable girls, by Rev. T. Ryan of this place. May sorrow never cross their path may be the heartfelt wish of the ones. The wedding party started with the intention of taking dinner at Carrolltown, but there came up a snow-storm, and the mud began to freeze so fast, on the principle that "misery loves company," that they concluded to put up with mine host John Litzinger, of the Chest Springs Hotel. So, you may bet, they were treated in first-class style.

This statement I will make pains to corroborate, for I was the "left bower" for Mr. Gormally, myself.

MONMOUTH.

This evening shades and fallen down
On Cambria county's ancient town,
When through the darkness quickly wend
A couple who were homeward bend.
They groped their way through street and lane
To reach the usual evening train.
Maybe, after all, they were going to Altoona.
If so, and they failed to pay a visit to S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, they erred, for Mr. Blumenthal is the proprietor of a store where boots and shoes are only retail are sold at wholesale prices. A large invoice of heavy wear, suitable for the winter season, is just received, and the same is confidently recommended to the public as superior to anything of the sort ever seen in Western Pennsylvania.

TAKE her up tenderly
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and graceful ever.
Handle her carefully,
Talk to her prayerfully—
She's cross as a bear!

Once in a while she is cross, she is never, no! never, cross when your toilet is complete. For example, she couldn't be cross if you had on your person a suit of the elegant ready-made clothing sold by Jas. J. Myers, on Virginia avenue, Johnstown—clothing not a whit inferior to the raiment worn by King Solomon, and tendered to purchasers for a mere song. Send for an order.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned administrators of George Leininger, late of Clearfield Township, said county, deceased, will expose to public sale at the Exchange Hotel in Chest Springs on

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1879,

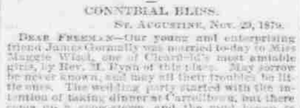
at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, all the right, title, interest and claim of said deceased [illegible] in and to

All that Certain Piece or Tract of Land

Situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., known as the "Mill Property," about two miles east of St. Augustine, adjoining lands of James Litzinger on the south, James McDermitt on the south and east, and Matthew Ivory on the west, containing about 200 acres, more or less, with about 30 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a good dwelling house, a bar room, and a frame stable, with a good orchard thereon.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money in hand and the remaining two-thirds in equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the premises.

THOS. M'MULLEN, } Administrators.
JAMES M'MULLEN, }
Chest Springs, Dec. 6, 1879.-3t.



IN THIS age of Cures and Cheats it is a pleasure to find a remedy that is all it claims to be. Our Institution offers no Patent Medicine, but a Scientific Treatment, about three months in duration, which is guaranteed to cure Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa, Impediments to Marriage, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Blood Poisons, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Irregularities and Suppressions, and all Diseases of a Private Nature, whether contracted by Indiscretion, Exposure, Inherited or Acquired. Consultation free. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Dr. DYE & SON, 58 & 58½ Penn Avenue, Pittsburg

THE MAN OF MANY CATS.

A PITIFULLY STRANGE ROMANCE STUMBLED UPON BY A HUNTING PARTY.

A party of hunters while in the search of game lately in the Santa Cruz hills came upon a rude hut in a small clearing about six miles from Patchen, and nearly the same distance from the Santa Cruz stage road. Impelled by curiosity they approached the structure and finding the door open went in. Imagine their surprise and wonder at discovering the sole inmate of the room (there was but one) what must have been originally intended for a man. The creature was but partially clothed, the body from the waist upward and from the knees downward being entirely naked. His hair is long and matted, and his face bronzed from exposure and seamed and scarred from conflicts with wild beasts of his own race, presented an appearance that startled the beholders. Their consternation was not lessened when they beheld his eyes, which, protuding from their sockets, glared like those of a wild man. His arms, breast, and legs were covered with long, coarse hair. For a moment they gazed and they were about to depart with celerity, when the man beckoned for them to remain, at the same time muttering in some unintelligible jargon. The hunters, not without trepidation, took seats on a huge log, the only furniture in the room. Casting their eyes about they were still more astonished at what before had appeared to be a black mass of something around and about the presumed owner of this habitation. They saw at least fifty cats, all black and of all sizes; some as large and as fierce as a wild cat. Some of the larger started for the visitors with spines erect, when the man gave a peculiar whistle and all immediately clustered around him again. Wondering what was to come next, the hunters maintained, for some time, a perfect silence. Then one spoke up and asked the man how far it was to Patchen, but no answer came. Other questions were asked, but the man only looked at them with a puzzled stare. All at once he leaped to his feet, gave a yell that nearly curdled the listeners and bounded out of doors. The cats followed and the hunters saw them scampering away over the clearing and into the brush and out of sight. After remaining for some time in the room the hunters, noticing a small box in one corner, took it up, opened it and found therein several sheets of writing paper, old and faded, and with writing hardly legible. After considerable effort they managed to read it, and were rewarded with the following strange narrative, which explained what they desired to know concerning the strange occupant of the hut:

ISLE OF JAMAICA, 1871.

My name is R. E. Venta. My father is a native of Spain, and my mother, an English woman, died many years ago. I fear that I am going crazy, that before another week arrives I shall be bereft of reason. In order that the world may at some time know my strange history, I have determined to write down while my senses are acute and my mind clear. I have been for five years steward on the plantation of Mr. Morris. Two years ago I married a creole, Felice Gallegos, a beautiful woman and one whom I believe could have made me happy. We lived in peace until our child was born. An American then came to the plantation and met Felice. They were often together. I suspected nothing until I obtained complete and overwhelming proof of her infidelity. She came home one night after meeting with her lover, and then told me her what I had discovered. I cannot remember what I said. I only know that when I concluded this she devil caught her child from the bed and flung it on the floor. Then she sprang at me with uplifted dagger and my face will show what resulted. I was unprepared for such an attack but managed to seize Felice and wrest the dagger from her hands. Half mad from the blow she had given me, I caught her by the throat and plunged the dagger into her breast; she sank without a groan to the floor. Then I must have been mad, for a week afterward I found myself miles away, in the forest. I feel that I must leave; must go somewhere, anywhere, and hide myself. My brain troubles me and as I am afraid that I shall soon go mad, I will write this and keep it with me. The time may come when I may give it to the world.

The wording ended here. The presumption was that Venta came to California and wandering to the lonely clearing in the Santa Cruz hills erected the hut and lived there alone. The hunters remained until dusk, hoping to meet the strange occupant again, but he did not come. The next day they came again, but the man was still absent. He probably has never returned to the spot. One of the hunters, James Bowman of San Mateo county, who gave us the above particulars and who copied the letter of confession, intends to make another visit soon.

ANECDOTE OF A TROUT.—A writer in an English magazine has an interesting story to tell about a trout. He says:

"Few anecdotes have been told of the intelligence of fishes, and they do not generally get credit for much of it, nor do they probably possess much. Yet they do possess some measure of it, as appears from the well-known fact that the crap in ponds have learned to come at a certain signal to be fed, and something of the same kind has been observed of some kinds of sea fish in a marine fishpond. It would be worth while for any one who has an aquarium to direct his attention to this subject, and to keep a record of his observations. Ours were made on a trout in a burn. Its place of abode was under a stone in a small pool, immediately below a wooden bridge, over which the path left the farm house in which we resided to the garden. It was a pleasing amusement for boys to feed the trout with worms, which were readily to be procured in the garden; and the trout was fed accordingly, and soon learned to come out from below the stone, and seize the worm thrown into the pool, whatever number of spectators might be close at hand on the bridge, and although some of them were a little noisy. But it was thought proper to try a trick upon the poor fish, and present him with a very small long radish, instead of a worm. Out came the trout at once—the radish, in shape and color, being quite like a worm—and caught it ere it reached the bottom; but quickly spat it out again, and returned to the shelter of its stone. Once or twice afterwards the trick was successfully repeated, but the trout soon learned to distinguish a radish from a worm, and ceased to come out for the one, although prompt enough in coming for the other."

PARIS GREEN NOT DANGEROUS.—An Iowa farmer writes: "How often we see fear and caution exhibited in the Eastern papers about the use of Paris green in destroying potato bugs. The caution is all right, but the fear is all nonsense. The people of Iowa were the first to introduce it, and I believe that in the past twelve years there have been ten pounds of Paris green used in the West to one of gunpowder, and there have been ten deaths by gunpowder to one by Paris green. Then transfer the fear from Paris green to gunpowder. We have little difficulty in raising abundance of potatoes at a cost not exceeding 20 cents—as cheap or cheaper than our abundant crops of corn. So plenty are potatoes here that they are this fall being sent from Muscatine by boat to supply places of shorter crops."

THE following is said to be a sure and speedy cure for boils: "Make a plaster of molasses and flour, or honey and flour, and apply it as often as the plaster gets dry. If the boil is very painful, make a soft poultice of bread and milk, moistened with volatile liniment and laudanum. This will allay inflammation and hasten a cure."

YOU can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

WATER cannot be raised in a suction-pump more than about thirty-two feet.

Y Y OO U UNN N GGG A MM MM EEEEE RRRR II CC A
Y Y O O U UNN N G G AA MM MM EE R R II C C AA
Y Y O O U UNN N G AA M M M EE R R II C AA
Y O OU UN N NG AAA M M M EE RRRR II C AAA
Y O O U UN NN G AA M M E R R II C A A
Y O O U U N NN G GG A A M M E R R II C C A A
Y OO UU N NN GGG A A M M EEEEER R II CC A A

STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST

—OF—

Fall and Winter Goods

—AT THE—

BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE

OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Good Working Suit for	$ 7.25	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for	$10.00
that others sell for $5.50.		that others sell for $13.00.	
A Man's Good Warm Suit for	4.00	A Man's Good Warm Coat for	1.50
that others sell for $6.00.		that others sell for $2.25.	
A Man's Good Working Suit for	5.00	A Man's Good Working Pants for	75c.
that others sell for $7.00.		that others sell for 21.00.	
A Man's Good Business Suit for	7.00	A Man's Good Dress Shirt for	50c.
that others sell for $9.00.		that others sell for 75c.	
A Man's Extra Good Business Suits for	9.00	A Man's Good Hat for	38c.
that others sell for $11.50.		that others sell for 75c.	
A Man's Good Dress Suit for	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for	25c.
that others sell for $15.00.		that others sell for 40c.	
A Man's Extra Good Dress Suit for	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 5 to 9 years, (the child,	
that others sell for $22.00.		not the suit,) for	2.25
A Man's Good Overcoat for	2.50	that others sell for $3.25.	
that others sell for $5.00.		A Boy's Good Suit, from 9 to 12 years, (the	
A Man's Good Overcoat for	5.00	boy, not the suit,) for	3.00
that others sell for $7.50.		that others sell for $4.50.	
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for	8.00	A Man's Suit of Underclothing for	40c.
that others sell for $11.50.		that others sell for 75c.	

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING

Before you examine the above priced Goods at the

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

Sept. 26, 1879.-7m. ALTOONA, PA.

Observe This!---Preserve This!

No Agents Employed. Bought Direct from Headquarters. Saved Commission.

THE CRY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IS THAT GOODS HAVE ADVANCED AND THAT they cannot now be bought low enough to be sold at the same prices as last year; but if you will only call at **Chas. Simon's New Clothing Depot, Altoona, Pa.**, it will be made manifest to you that wearing apparel at least can be sold much cheaper than ever before, as the following figures will clearly demonstrate:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Overcoats, heavy, at	$ 2.45	Men's Suits, for business wear, at	5.85
Men's Overcoats, black, at	5.00	Men's Suits, for fine dress, at	5.75
Men's Overcoats, stylish, at	4.75	Men's Suits, for fine wear, at	6.75
Men's Overcoats, heavy chinchilla, at	5.50	Men's Suits, very fine, at	$8.25 and 12.15
Men's Overcoats, heavy beaver, at	8.75	Men's Suits, the very finest, at	$14.25, $16.80 and 18.00
Men's Overcoats, finer grades, up to	20.00	Men's Heavy Coats, at	$1.25, $1.50 and 2.50
Men's Ulsters, heavy and serviceable, at	4.50	Youths' Suits, the cheapest and nicest assortment in the city.	
Men's Ulsters, finer and better, at	6.50	Boys' Suits, of all textures and prices, and guaranteed the cheapest in the city.	
Men's Ulsters, still finer and better	12.75		
Men's Suits, neat but not nobby, at	2.75		

PANTALOON DEPARTMENT.

Men's heavy Jean Pantaloons, at	75c. and 90c.
Men's better Pantaloons, at	$1.00
Men's Dress Pantaloons, at	1.75
Men's Black Doeskin Pantaloons, at	2.25
Men's fine Dress Pantaloons, at	2.50
Men's Fine Pantaloons, at	3.75
Men's Pantaloons, various styles, from $3.50 to $4.	
A fine assortment of spring-bottom Pantaloons, in prices ranging from $1.50 to $4.75.	
Vests from 35c. up.	
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF PANTALOONS IN THE CITY.	

HAT AND CAP DEPARTMENT.—Wool Hats at 35c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25; Stiff Wool Hats, latest styles, at 50c., 65c., 85c., $1.00 and $1.25; Fur Hats at 85c., 95c., $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50; Stiff Fur Hats at $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00; Boys' and Youths' Hats from 21c. to $1.75; Caps for fall and winter wear, all styles and sizes, at 25c., 25c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25. THE LARGEST STOCK, LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.—Good Colored Dress Shirts at 35c.; Better Shirts at 50c.; Finer Shirts at 75c.; White Shirts at 80c.; Better White Shirts at 75c.; Very Good White Shirts at 90c.; Best White Shirts at $1.00; Unlaundried Shirts at 25c., 35c. and 50c.; Undershirts and Drawers at 25c., 40c., 50c. and 75c. each; Red Flannel Shirts at 75c., $1.25 and $1.50 each; Men's Cotton Hose, 5c., 8c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 25c. and 35c.; Wool Hose, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Trunks and Valises in the City.

☞ Persons in city and country wishing to test the truth or the above assertions in relation to our goods and prices are respectfully invited to call at

Charles Simon's New Clothing Depot,

In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of P. R. R. Passenger Depot.

Corner 11th Avenue and 13th Street, - - ALTOONA, PA.

SIX CORD — ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD." — S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1836. — TRY IT — ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING — MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. STUART & BRO (LIMITED) AGENTS, NEW YORK. — MEDALS AWARDED PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON. — SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON — SOFT FINISH

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1879 -1y.*

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [1-1-tf.*]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN, *Surgeon Dentist,*

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted. Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27.'72.]

THE HUASCAR'S LAST FIGHT.

THE MOST DESPERATE NAVAL COMBAT ON RECORD—HOW ADMIRAL GRAU WAS KILLED—TERRIBLE EFFECT OF THE SHOTS OF THE CHILIAN IRONCLADS.

A correspondent at Lima, Peru, gives the following particulars of the terrific fight between the celebrated Peruvian gunboat Huascar and several Chilian ironclads:

Out of the Huascar's crew of two hundred and sixteen men, rank and file, only eighty-six, mostly wounded, survive the brief and terrible action of Mexillones de Bolivia. Admiral Grau and the next two officers in rank, Capt. Aguirre and Lieutenant Rodriguez, were killed outright. From the moment that the Chilian ironclad appeared on the horizon steaming rapidly toward the Huascar from the northward, whilst the Blanco Encalada was steadily pursuing the ram from the south, Admiral Grau perceived clearly that his ship was doomed, but brave man as he was, no thought of surrender entered his mind, and the whole ship's company assumed their appointed stations for the struggle with a conviction that no human power could extricate the Huascar from such overwhelming forces as those presented by the Chilian vessels.

From the decks and tops of the two vessels the fire of musketry and gattling guns was incessant and on the Huascar the effect was becoming painfully apparent. At 10:30 A. M., one hour and eight minutes after the commencement of the fight, the Huascar had discharged her turret pieces twenty-five times against the Cochrane, the latter replying with thirty shots. At this moment the other Chilian ironclad arrived on the scene and immediately opened fire, first directing her attention to the Huascar's fighting turret and the little tower near the smoke stack, which is the battle station of the commander. The Blanco's guns were excellently well served, and their effect terrible. The tower was carried away, and Admiral Grau taken down below for the care of the surgeons, with one of his legs torn off, as is stated. While in the cabin, a solid three hundred pound shot from the Blanco struck the ram in the stern, destroying the steering gear, and passing directly through the ship left a gaping aperture large enough for a boat to enter. This shot killed the brave admiral, his aid, Lieutenant Ferre, and several others. Captain Elias Aguirre assumed command of the ship on the death of the admiral, and took his station in the gun turret. But on this point the two Chilians had concentrated their fire. The turret was hit by a heavy shell, which passing through a port exploded inside, disabling one of the two guns, killing Aguirre and all who were serving the piece. The Huascar was now practically at the mercy of the enemy—ungovernable, and with half her offensive power destroyed, her officers and crew decimated; but the national flag was still flying in defiance, and no one even whispered of surrender. Captain Melliton Carvajal took the command after Aguirre's death, but was instantly carried below, dangerously wounded. First Lieutenant Rodriguez, succeeded him, and a moment afterward shared the fate of the admiral and Aguirre. Lieutenant Enrique Palacois followed Rodriguez in the command, and although severely wounded continued in charge until the end of the bloody drama.

Still the Huascar discharged her sole remaining cannon at long intervals, as the very turret itself, only thirty feet in diameter, was choking up with the debris of the shattered gun and the bodies of the dead and wounded. Below in the dark passages and narrow compartments of the ship the scene was frightful. The dying and those who had perished were heaped indiscriminately together, and every few moments a shot from the enemy came crashing through the sides of the doomed vessel. The forecastle was completely shot away, the mast cut in two, and the mitrailleuse in the tops mutilized. The smoke-stack and chimney were riddled with balls, the propeller struck and fouled; one gun disabled, and as before stated out of two hundred and sixteen men who went to action, only eighty-six were alive, and the majority of these *hors du combat*. Five commanders had succeeded each other in their perilous post. Three were dead, one grievously wounded, and the fourth barely able to maintain his trumpet. The Chilians thought that the time had come to close, and sent a boarding party to complete the victory. But the brave fellows on the Huascar rallied and drove them back with loss. This was the expiring effort. Flesh and blood could do no more. Indeed human vigor and bravery had withstood the steady shocks which had overcome the iron bulwarks of the historic ship. The Chilians again boarded and the Huascar was theirs. The enemy lowered the flag which had waved so triumphantly along their coast and witnessed many a gallant exploit of the dead admiral. The survivors of the fight were taken on board the Cochrane and Blanco; from their letters to their families in Lima, from which most of my data is derived, they were treated with kindness and consideration by their captors, who accorded the funeral honors due to his rank to Admiral Grau in Mexillones. The Chilians with uncovered heads stood over the grave of their foeman, and though fraternal and most active enemy, had won their esteem and respect by noble daring and true humanity.

BUYING LOTTERY TICKETS.—A New York journal, discussing the widespread practice of poor people squandering their means for lottery tickets, remarks:

It is only through human weakness that this, as well as most other vices, is possible. The gambler bases his calculations on his hopes and not on his judgment. The buyer of lottery tickets makes the same fatal error. Were judgment allowed its say, none but those who lacked it would thus waste their money. A glance at a lottery scheme ought to convince any person capable of reasoning of the folly of such investments. Take one of the companies which the agents of New York are now being prosecuted as an example. This company advertises 100,000 tickets at $2 each, and 1,857 prizes, amounting to $110,400. Now, the chances are nearly fifty-three to one against a given ticket drawing any prize at all. In a matter of life and death, in any enterprise except gambling, such a chance would not be worth a moment's consideration. The chance of drawing any of the very few prizes over $10 in amount is so infinitesimally small that a man might purchase a ticket or ten tickets at every monthly drawing for fifty years with as little prospects of getting one of them as of making a fortune at a 'skin' game of faro. To any estimate of mathematical probabilities should always be added the unknown, but, doubtless, formidable element of fraud on the part of the managers. On most of the patrons of these lotteries reasoning is wasted, however. An observant person will notice that sewing girls, ill fed and half starved, and poor clerks and laboring men, the proximate among the throngs that pass in and out of the agents' offices. These misguided people literally take the bread from their mouths to buy lottery tickets, and the mean and grasping band of managers fatten on their misery. Over $2,000,000 a year are paid out in New York for lottery tickets, mostly by people too poor to live decently. It is a shameful waste of hard-earned money, and should be stopped.

HOW INDIA RUBBER IS OBTAINED.—A correspondent of the Boston *Bulletin*, writing from the Amazon river, Brazil, gives the following account of the method of gathering rubber:

"At last we arrived at the encampment, which seemed to be on an island in a vast archipelago. There were abundant groves of rubber trees in all directions, and men, women and children engaged in collecting the rubber, with more method in their labors than I should have expected among such a rude and savage people. Each one had a certain number of trees allotted to him, which he bored with an auger. He then inserted in the whole a piece of hollow cane. To the bark of the tree he fastened with mud a shell of the terrapin, or of a large clam, to catch the liquid. When it drips from the cane it is white as milk, but thicker, or with more body. A trough dug out of a log is stationed in a central point, and when the trees are all tapped, the man goes his rounds, watching the shells and pouring the contents, when full, into the trough.

"Toward sunset a fire is made of leaves and twigs, upon which is thrown the fruit of a certain kind of palm, which gives forth a dense smoke. A small, round-bladed paddle, like those used in the canoe, is dipped into the milk and turned over once or twice. It is then drawn out, covered with a coating of the liquid gum and held at once in the smoke of the fire, which hardens and also darkens the coating. It is again plunged into the milk and again smoked, and the process is kept up until the blade of the paddle is covered an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. A knife is passed along one edge of the blade and the mass removed. It appears in shape like a shoemaker's lapstone, with a sort of nozzle on one side. In this state it is shipped. From one of these lumps of commercial gum the different coatings may be readily detached."

A NATURALIST claims to have discovered that crows, while in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders.

SUGAR BEETS A BETTER CROP THAN POTATOES.—To those whose farms are situated upon the railway, or upon the sea coast, or along our navigable rivers the beet-sugar movement warmly commends itself; and in our judgment at the present time there is nothing that promises so well for cash crop as raising beets for sugar at the prices offered. Land which is in good condition for corn should produce from twenty to thirty tons of sugar-beet, something of course depending upon the season; but in this respect no crop is exceptional. The labor of raising an acre of sugar-beets is no greater than that of raising an acre of corn; they are not so exhausting to the soil, and the value of the crop promises much better, besides bringing the ready cash, which corn will rarely do.

As compared with the potato crop the sugar-beet has several advantages. The average yield of potatoes on an old farm in Maine is probably not over one hundred bushels to the acre, and the price varies very much from year to year. Last year they were high, and the farmer who had a good quantity to sell was fortunate. For some years previous to that prices had ruled quite low the average, we think, being less than fifty cents per bushel, and even then between the rust, the ant, and the beetle the potato crop is becoming to be considered by farmers as quite uncertain. —*Maine Farmer.*

EXPERIMENTS IN FATTENING HOGS.—Farmers generally do not appreciate the benefits of warmth or comfortable temperature in fattening stock. All the food in the barn or crib cannot fatten stock unprotected from the blasts of winter and shivering with cold. As this is the season for fattening stock, especially hogs, we give the following, which shows the fact most conclusively: "A certain farmer made experiments in fattening hogs. He fed 100 hogs, weighing 200 pounds each. The weather was good. He fed them a week and weighed them and found that, at four cents a pound for pork, his corn realized 80 cents a bushel. The first week of November his corn brought 62 cents. The third week 40 cents. The weather got steadily colder. The fourth week the corn brought 26 cents only, and when the thermometer was at zero the corn bro't nothing the whole feed only keeping up the necessary warmth of temperature of the system."

PRESERVING CIDER.—Cider is preserved in Normandy by putting half a pint of sweet oil in the cask and plugging the bunghole with a wad of cotton. The oil being lighter does not combine with the cider, but forms a thin covering which prevents the oxygen of the air coming in contact with it. The cotton filters the air entering as the cider is drawn off, so that no insects or impurities can pass. Cider in bottles is put in the cellar, the bottles being covered with a few inches of earth which keeps the cider at an equable temperature and prevents bursting.

A FAMOUS horse-breeder of France has reared his stock for twenty years on a diet of parsnips instead of carrots and oats, with the result of "great vivacity of spirit and sleekness of coat." The yield of parsnips is about twelve tons per acre; the roots can remain safely in the ground, even during an extreme winter, it is said, and efforts are making to extend their cultivation for cattle and milch cows.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK, Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.

Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.

NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.

Good FARM Properties

ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

GEO. M. READE, President.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879 -1y.

Removed to Bank Building

—Next Door to Freidhoff 's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also Manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.

Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom. E. H. BARKER, ALVIN EVANS, ED. JAMES.

Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf.

B. O. Oeschger,

FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SHOP one door west of Hartley's store, where choice samples of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. ☞ A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.

Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.

CCCC HEAP! C C C C H H EEE A PPP EEE RRR !!! C C H H E A A P P E R R !!! C C HHH EE AAA PPP EE RRR !! C C H H E A A P E R R !!! C C H H EEE A A P EEE R R !!! C C C C heapest! CCCC

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

GGGG HOUSEFURNISHING SSSSSS G G O O O O D D D D S G GG O O O O D D S GGGG OOOO OOOO DDDD SSSSSS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth,

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Stock; LAND PLASTER. WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my few, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house. F. P. CONFER,

Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

J. A. MAHER, Lilly, Pa.,

CASH DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Notions,

AND ALL OTHER KIND OF

STAPLE GOODS

usually kept in a first class country store.

Everything Sold as CHEAP FOR CASH

as at any other establishment in or out of the county, and country produce taken in exchange for merchandise at cash prices. The patronage of everybody wishing to get full value for their money is earnestly and respectfully solicited.

J. A. MAHER.

Lilly, Cambria Co., Pa., Sept. 12, 1879.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate dietetic action of the Bitters is the one thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion by this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened.

For Hostetter's ALMANAC for 1880 apply to Druggists and Dealers generally.

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

PROVERBS. — "For stinking spells, fits, dizziness, pulsation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters." "Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy." "Ladies, do you want a pure complexion, healthy and beautiful blood? Then use Hop Bitters." "The greatest spring-tonic, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters." "Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Merchants find Hop Bitters unity." "Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and the right path many from intemperance." "Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, no appetite, use Hop Bitters, only a few cents." PROVERBS. — "$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help." "Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose." "Kidney and Urinary diseases of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters." HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children. The Hop Pad for stomach, liver and kidneys. Hop Plaster to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask Druggists. B. B. B. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y. Send for Circular.

A Lecture TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in